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Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by DAVID WRIGHT

Success Story of the *Adopted General*

By Warren Hall

Illustrated by CHRISTOPHER STORM

Newport Party-Goers Were Astonished When the Childless Mrs. Webster Proudly Introduced the Generous and Kindly Gen. Tobin as Her Son

"AND why," the general asked, "is it strange that I, at 37, should become the adopted son of a sweet and lonely old lady who happens also to be wealthy and socially prominent? Do you think I want her money? Am I looking for prestige? I suppose almost everybody has some such idea, but it all seems perfectly natural to me."

The way he told it, a lifetime soldier sitting in his New York hotel room among his stacks of books and his autographed photos and his battle souvenirs, it sounded natural.

What emerged was a peculiarly American formula for attaining social eminence despite any obstacles of birth, but it was a recipe that few others will be able to follow.

Ralph Clifford Tobin was born May 5, 1890, in a section of Manhattan which is now Harlem. His father, Thomas, a real estate broker, had Brooklyn ancestry. His mother, Madge Beckinbaugh, was on a visit to New York from Baltimore when she met and married his father.

He went through the public schools and then attended the College of the City of New York. He didn't stay there very long.

"Mathematics got me."

He tried a succession of jobs—office boy, clerk, salesman, junior executive. In 1916 he was working for Eugene M. Froment, a steel man and an officer in the Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard, the historic silk-stocking outfit which has been choosy about its personnel since it was organized in 1806.

"Why don't you let me sponsor you for membership?" Froment asked.

"I'd like to," Tobin said. "Some of my father's people used to belong."

Soon after Tobin's enlistment the Mexican border crisis took him to McGallan, Texas, where he served until that December. He went into the regular Army with his regiment in July, 1917, and was sent abroad as a sergeant the following May.

Officers' candidate school, a commission as a second lieutenant, action in the Ypres-Lys, Somme and Meuse-Argonne engagements, a spot of gas in Belgium, a silver star for bravery in action and he was back in the United States in April, 1919, to be honorably discharged the next month.

He went right back into the Seventh, which was being reorganized. First lieutenant, major, lieutenant colonel. It took ten years of constant study, but now he was only one step away from the most coveted job in the National Guard.

Command of the Seventh Regiment has always meant entree to the innermost recesses of society. Its members are sons of the first families and obviously can't be permitted to look down their noses at their officers. Its big armory on Park Ave. doubles as an exclusive club with a permanent mess where officers and men lunch and dine.

A year after Tobin became lieutenant colonel in the spring of 1928, the colonelcy was vacated. He was appointed and, almost overnight, became a social entity. His name appeared in the next issue of the Social Register. He was elected to the Union Club, the Tuxedo Club, the Pilgrim Society. He was invited to the finest homes, the most exclusive parties.

There was, of course, the matter of income. His salary as a National Guard officer was less than $1,000 a year, and his dress uniforms cost more than that. During the years he hadn't been much of a business success and now he would have to devote almost full time to the regiment, but the Seventh's loyal friends hurried to his aid.

He was made head of the Commercial Crime Commission, which drafted a series of bills to be presented to a crime conference. He became president of the Retail Wine and Liquor Guild. He was director of the Citizens Budget Commission.

He didn't marry. "With five nights a week at the armory, I didn't have time to meet a girl, let alone court her." The regiment was his life. He made it the West Point of the National Guard. Of 1542 members, 1450 became commissioned officers in the past war.

When the war arrived, the Old Seventh had become an anti-aircraft unit. Colonel Tobin became brigadier general in command of the 44th Coast Artillery Brigade, with headquarters at Newport, R. I. He took over Eagle Rock, an estate overlooking Narragansett Bay, and, of course, was invited to have tea with Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster, cousin of Emily Post and widow of a descendant of Grant's Secretary of State.

Mrs. Webster was 23 years older than the general but they found much in common—their reading, their love of old jade and porcelain and pottery, their interest in the gardens and trees of Pen Craig, the beautiful estate which, together with $1,260,000 that her husband left in trust when he died in 1939, was to go on her death to relatives and charities.

When the general went overseas in August, 1942, he wrote Mrs. Webster frequently. He told her about his command of the Alpine Task Force, which guarded the Franco-Italian border.

He told her about his relief of Monte Carlo and the party he gave for Prince Louis II. He told her about his occupation of Berchtesgaden, where, with the aid of Hitler's personal cook (who arrived with 23 pieces of baggage), he entertained General Marshall, General Arnold, Admiral King, Secretary Forrestal.

When he returned in October, 1945, covered with ribbons and battle stars and the Legion of Merit and the Croix de Guerre with Palm, he found Mrs. Webster stricken with arthritis and unable to leave a wheelchair. He visited her often, and after he was retired late in 1946 he kept a room in New York but spent half his time at Pen Craig.

"She couldn't get around any more and she needed me to look after the place," he said. "She kept introducing me as her son and after a while I began to feel as though I were. The other day she asked me if I would mind going through adoption proceedings. I agreed."

DOCTORS PROVE the Palmolive Plan brings 2 out of 3 women LOVELIER SKIN in 14 DAYS!

GUESS YOUR SNOW-MAN CAN TAKE IT, JANE—BUT THE REAL KIND JUST MELTS AWAY AFTER ONE LOOK AT MY DULL, DINGY COMPLEXION!
I WISH YOU'D TRY THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN, PATSY IT'S JUST COMMON SENSE!
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WHY, THE PLAN IS QUICK AND EASY AS A-B-C!
A. WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
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14 DAYS LATER...
IF YOU WANT TO WIN SOME STRONG MAN'S HEART—THE PALMOLIVE PLAN IS THE WAY TO START!

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If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

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Milder to Hands than any product made for dishes and fine fabrics!

Actual skin tests made by an independent laboratory—name furnished on request—prove that Vel is milder to hands than any other leading product made for washing dishes and fine fabrics.

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Instant SUDS in hardest, coldest water!

VEL cuts dishwashing time in half!

Dishes, glassware gleam without wiping

After washing, just rinse dishes! Even glassware dries sparkling clear without wiping. No soap scum or streaky film to polish away! Vel removes grease faster, more completely than soap. Leaves no dishpan ring to scrub out. Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap and saves up to half your dishwashing time!

'my GOOD NAME'

The Judge Found That There Was Enough Honor in Being Called Mrs. Willcox—Without Getting Alimony, Too

If Patricia Willcox Married for Prestige, the Social Register Ignored Her for Legal Tilting.

"WHO steals my purse steals trash," Shakespeare said, "but he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed."

Frederick Havemeyer Willcox said just about the same thing the other day, added a few whereases and wherefores and filed the statement in Supreme Court, New York County, as an answer to his wife's request for $500 monthly alimony and $2,000 counsel fees in a separation suit.

He made it stick, too, because the judge, apparently heeding the Biblical proverb that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, told the plaintiff, in effect, that she would have to be satisfied for the present with the honor of being Mrs. Patricia McKay Willcox.

Freddy is very proud of his folks. In his affidavit he made no attempt whatsoever to conceal the fact that his maternal grandfather, W. Frederick Havemeyer, was a three-term New York City reform mayor who broke up the famous Tweed ring, or that his father, William Russell Willcox, was a New York postmaster and the Republican National Committee chairman who managed the Hughes presidential campaign.

The gist of Freddy's defense is in one paragraph:

"The reason my wife married was not love but was to secure social standing. Our families have always been in the Social Register and, to further her social ambitions, she sought a convenient alliance so that she, too, might become a Social Registerite. Having accomplished her purpose in marrying me, and having acquired the name of Willcox, within a month after our marriage she desired a divorce."

Paradoxically, Patricia didn't get into the Social Register by marrying Freddy but, on the contrary, she seems to have gotten him out of it—to have "filched from him his good name." Until the 1947 edition of the blue book, he was listed with his sister, Josephine, as residing at Babylon, L. I. He says he still lives there, but the 1947 Social Register mentions only the sister.

It must have been the quick collapse of the marriage that eliminated the young Willcoxes from the Society Who's-Who because Patricia comes from a very good family herself. Her father, with whom she says she is living in Washington, D. C., is Col. Douglas I. McKay, once deputy police commissioner of New York City and later state commander of the American Legion.

Her mother, Henrietta Vandergrift McKay, died in Bronxville, N. Y., in 1940, leaving, according to Freddy, "an estate of well over $100,000" to Patricia and her sister, Mary.

"My wife has securities and she has had over $50,000 in an account in a Pittsburgh bank," Freddy complains rather bitterly. "She has jewelry, a mink coat, pearls and things of a like nature.

"I have but $10 in the bank, a $25 face-value war bond and no job since July, 1947. That is all."

Patricia agrees that the marriage was very short-lived. She was deserted, she says, on May 6, 1946, exactly a month and a day after the fashionable wedding in New York's Second Presbyterian Church, and since then her husband "has refused to live with me, except for two or three occasions when he visited me under the pretense of attempting a reconciliation but departed again in a very few hours or less."

What really riled Freddy was a charge that "immediately after our marriage he commenced a course of cruel and abusive treatment and on two or more occasions resorted to physical violence."

Mrs. Willcox said he apologized and that, because he had been a major in the Army, she thought he might have been suffering from some form of war psychosis, but Freddy indignantly replied that cruelty and physical violence are alien to his nature.

"No descendant of the honorable families of Willcox or Havemeyer would sully their names," he wrote—or maybe it was his attorney—"because the names are valuable in the sense that we were among the first Colonial settlers in this town of ours and no scandal has ever been attached to us.

"In fact, the upbringing of all the descendants of the Havemeyer and Willcox families has imbued them with the spirit of honor and integrity and that our dealings with our fellow men should be open and above-board, and certainly with my background, I could not and would not even think of striking a woman."

Perhaps that prideful phrase put Patricia in her place, because, contrary to custom, she didn't file any rebuttal to his answer.

She relied on her original complaint that Freddy "failed, neglected and deliberately refused" to support her and that she has "been able to exist only by part-time work."

She bolstered her plea for alimony with these words:

"My husband told me that he is the owner of a fairly large farm at Smyrna, N. Y., called 'Aquidneck House' and that he and his sister own three or four cooperative apartments in Jackson Heights, L. I., from which he receives substantial income. He also informed me that as a direct descendant of the old Havemeyer and Willcox families, he has inherited and receives a substantial income from certain trust funds."

Freddy said the farm and the apartments belong to his sister and that if there were any inheritances to which he was entitled, he didn't know about it.

"Except for the $10," he said, "I have no bank accounts. I have never had a savings account and I have no vault or securities. I own no real estate, mortgages, jewelry or automobiles."

Mr. Willcox may be short of worldly goods—but he's plenty long on family pride and distinguished names.

JUST MISSED UNTOLD RICHES

By Charles Goddard

TO EVERY person of imagination there's always a stroke of fortune waiting somewhere ahead, but if and when it comes to you, you may be no more ready to pounce on it than was the mother of little Louisa Jacobs, whose "funny fire-spitting pebble" launched the multibillion-dollar Kimberley diamond rush but brought her family only regret.

Louisa, who was 12 when it happened, died the other day in Johannesburg, South Africa, still remembering that odd-looking stone she rolled across the kitchen floor 80 years ago and wondering what might have happened if her mother hadn't been too busy to pay any attention.

Louisa and her parents and her four brothers and sisters lived in Hope Town, a cluster of hovels on the banks of the Orange River. It was a struggling community of Boer farmers, and the one store in town stocked no toys because the customers could afford only those necessities they couldn't produce themselves.

One Moment to Satisfy a Child's Curiosity Might Have Brought an Enormous Fortune to a Poor Family

That didn't prevent Jan Jacobs' children from making or finding their own playthings. One of their games, Five Stones, was played with pebbles. Louisa, searching along the river bank, found one that seemed particularly suitable. It flashed in a way that fascinated her, and she hurried to the house to show it to her mother.

"Look at this funny pebble; it spits fire at you when it rolls," Louisa said. Frau Jacobs turned to look.

"I don't see anything strange about it," she said.

"See how it flashes," Louisa said.

Frau Jacobs wouldn't be bothered. "Have I got time to look at pebbles," she demanded. "Can't you see I'm busy? Go away and play."

In essence the same scene has occurred a million times before and since — "Go away — I'm busy." How often would a minute or two have meant a vast difference? Louisa always felt that if her mother had paused and examined the stone, the Jacobs family might have cashed in on the diamond lode long before the prospectors arrived.

Nobody was interested in Louisa's "blinke klip" (flashing stone) until one day she "made bold" to show it to Van Niekirk, a neighbor, who said:

"It looks like a piece of quartz."

Just then a providential opening in the clouds let a ray of sun enter.

"Look now," said Louisa.

"Say, that might be something," cried Van Niekirk. "May I buy it?"

But Louisa's parents had not seen what their caller had seen and refused to accept money for a shiny stone. If Van Niekirk cared to bother to have the thing examined, he could take it — and that was the last the child saw of her spitfire stone.

Four weeks later the neighbor showed it to Casey O'Reilly, a traveling salesman who promised to have it appraised at Capetown and report back on his next trip. O'Reilly returned the flasher, 15 months later, with the news that it was a valuable diamond. Van Niekirk thanked him, gave him nothing and sold it to the Cape Government for 500 pounds, then worth $2,500. He turned none of this money over to the honest Jacobs family who admitted that they had given him the "blinke klip."

The stone was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, causing a rush of geologists and prospectors to South Africa, and leading to the discovery of the "mother lode," the fabulous Kimberley diamond mines.

Louisa grew up to marry a diamond prospector, lived modestly and died modestly, a grandmother, at the age of 92. In all that time she wore just one very small but very precious diamond in her engagement ring.

However, the "Mother of the Mother Lode" collected books and clippings on important diamonds, from the Hope — which came from India in 1668, had nothing to do with Hope Town, and was the unluckiest of the lot — down to the "Horseshoe," found in the United States and the "Libertador," picked up in Venezuela.

Grandma Louisa was most interested in the "Horseshoe," because it was found by a youngster, appraised at the same value as her find, and may lead to the discovery of an American mother lode.

Some 15 years ago, young William (Punch) Jones and his father were pitching horseshoes behind their home at Peterstown, West Virginia. No matter how good Punch thought himself when he proudly shouted, "a ringer," it was an underestimate. He had made the greatest pitch of all time in the game of "barnyard golf." The shoe had unearthed a shiny, greenish stone which both he and his father thought to be a diamond, yet for 12 years they hesitated to find out.

In 1944, the stone was tested by R. J. Holden, Professor of Geology at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, who found it to be a slightly off-color diamond with one minute flaw and a museum value of about $2,500.

Where did it come from? Probably in the last ice age, it was scraped up from the Arctic and dropped in West Virginia.

James Hudson, Rafael Jaime and his brother Israel, after picking up millions of worthless ones, came out of the Venezuela hills, flashing a stone which they named the "Libertador" because it would emancipate them from work. It proved to be a 155-carat diamond that brought $200,000 in New York, $66,666.66 for each. But the stone had passed through the hands of many agents, each "scalping" a commission until each received only $20,666.06.

This was no mean piece of change, yet such was the disappointment of the "Libertador's" discoverers that they appealed to Lady Luck, over the gambling tables of Maracaibo. They lost their money and went back to pebble-picking, hoping that luck would smile once more.

"Look at This Funny Pebble; It Spits Fire at You," Louisa Exclaimed. But Her Busy Mother Shooed the Child Away.

Illustrated by LARRY BRINKMAN

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

The Great Woolworth Fortune Was Split Three Ways When the Five-and-Dime Tycoon Died, but Only Granddaughter Barbara Kept Her Third Intact—That Is, Except for the Sizable Doles Which Flowed Out to Her Three Titled Husbands

On Her First Honeymoon She Said Her Husband, Prince Alexis Mdivani, Told Her She Ought to Reduce, and the Heiress Went on a Coffee Diet, Reducing From 146 to 102 Pounds and Endangering Her Health. That and Her Two Subsequent Marriages to Danish Count Haugwitz von Reventlow and Cary Grant Ended in Divorce.

MILLION-DOLLAR Baby

By John K. Winkler

THE story of Barbara Hutton and her millions swung into high gear May 21, 1924, with the death of her grandmother, Jennie Creighton Woolworth, who had outlived Frank Winfield Woolworth by five years.

Although her mind was a blank, Barbara's grandmother was sole beneficiary of the estate and during those five years, the vast fortune was practically frozen. With her death, the thaw set in, and some $75,000,000 began cascading in three directions.

The surviving daughters, Mrs. Helena Woolworth McCann and Mrs. Jessie May Woolworth Donahue, received an estimated $25,000,000 each, and a like amount went to 11-year-old Barbara, in care of her father, Franklyn Hutton. When she reached the age of 21, her share amounted to $42,000,000.

Helena, who had married Attorney Charles E. F. McCann, made one flourish and then subsided to raise flowers and a family. She bought a million dollar ocean-going yacht, and enlarged the Oyster Bay estate to showplace dimensions.

Jessie, the third Woolworth daughter, was tall, blond and vivacious—and dearly loved roller skating. It was while she was rolling around a New York rink one evening that she met James Paul Donahue.

He came from a large family on New York's unfashionable West Side, but that made no difference to Jessie.

He was the best skater Jessie had ever seen and he had a ready Irish smile. The third time around the rink they were in love and Jessie informed her father she was going to marry him.

Donahue brooded. On the night of April 19, 1931, he excused himself from a card game in the New York mansion, retired to his bathroom, and swallowed 45 grains of bichloride of mercury, seeking the most painful and lingering of deaths.

He staggered out of the bathroom and gasped to son Woolworth, then 18: "Well, I've done it."

Two days later he groaned:

"I was a chump. I don't know why I did it."

After four days of agony he died in the same Madison avenue sanitarium where his wife was being treated for neurasthenia. He was 44.

Before the final seizures he executed a will bequeathing everything he owned to his wife and two sons. It was a whole-hearted gesture, but an accounting of the estate showed the extent of his gambling.

DONAHUE left an estate of $3,708,783 gross, but only $1,784,497 net. The estate was reduced by debts of $1,771,040, largely in marginal accounts due brokers, including $1,445,762 to E. F. Hutton & Co., in which his brother-in-law, Franklyn Hutton, was a partner. With or without his estate, his sons had enough of the Woolworth fortune to hit the high spots of New York, Hollywood and Europe and earn for themselves the titles of Playboys—titles they fought hard to defend annually.

Thus, two of the three equal shares of F. W. Woolworth's estate were subdivided. Helena McCann, her husband, and their three children shared one chunk of $25,000,000. Jessie Donahue, her gambler husband and her two sons divided an equal amount.

Only one share remained intact—the one left to 11-year-old Barbara Hutton, in care of her father. He took her to California, where she

Jessie Woolworth Donahue—She Limited Her Husband's Gambling Losses to $25,000 a Night.

It did no good to point out that his father made a living rendering fats and hides.

"Somebody has to do it," Jessie said, and married James Paul in 1912. The forgiving F. W. Woolworth gave them a Fifth avenue townhouse where they raised two sons, Woolworth and Jimmy, Jr.—and waited their share of the estate.

When the $25,000,000 came, they spent a million of it on a 16-acre waterfront estate at Southampton, which they appropriately christened Wooldon Manor. Two million more went for a palace and acreage on Palm Beach's Gold Coast. This they called "Cielito Lindo," or "A Little Bit of Heaven."

Automobiles and highways being somewhat unreliable in those days, they traveled by rail in their private car, the Japauldon, combining syllables of his name. It had gold ashtrays, upholstery of silk damask, mattresses stuffed with lamb's wool and Bokhara rugs. Designers called it the most beautiful private car in the world.

DONAHUE soon tired of these playthings and turned to his true love—gambling. The son-in-law of the merchant prince, who insisted his store managers must not speculate, played every game from backgammon to the stock market. He was equally well known in the gambling resorts of Palm Beach, New York, San Sebastian, Monte Carlo and Biarritz.

Croupiers clapped hands when they saw him.

While he was gambling, stately Jessie Donahue indulged in her favorite pastime, the collection of jewels. She had $683,000 worth in her suite in the Hotel Plaza one afternoon in September, 1925, and emerged from her bath to discover every item had been taken, including a $450,000 necklace.

Everything was mysteriously returned 13 days later and Jessie lifted the ban on her husband's gambling. But she clamped it on again a few years later after he reportedly dropped $7,500,000 of the Woolworth fortune.

"From now on, darling," Jessie told James Paul, "you are on a budget. You must not lose more than $25,000 a night."

fretted in a private school, and became known as America's Poor Little Rich Girl.

She had her tantrums regularly with her oatmeal, but the real explosion came when she learned that her lonely father had married again, his second wife being a Detroit divorcee, Irene Curley Bodde.

Barbara used some of the $60,000 annual allowance given her to hurry to New York and upbraid her parent. She couldn't continue to live under the same roof with him and his second wife.

Hutton went to court again, in behalf of his 15-year-old daughter.

His daughter, he told the Surrogate, needed a little place of her own. She was a young lady now. The court gave her $463,000 with which to purchase, remodel and furnish a duplex cooperative apartment in the building on Fifth avenue in which the family lived.

BARBARA was happy, for a while. She had her own latchkey, her own chauffeur-bodyguard, a secretary-companion and a French governess. She went dancing with cousins Jimmy and Wooly Donahue, Tony Biddle, Phil Plant and others.

Her father watched the petulant face grow pale and drawn under the strain of late hours and decided she needed diversion. Again, he went to court and won $120,000 with which to buy a private railroad car. It wouldn't cost more than $36,000 a year to operate it, he explained, and her fortune was increasing at the rate of more than a million dollars a year under his management.

Barbara accepted the car languidly, christened it the Curly Hut, gave it a trial ride or two, and gave it to her father. She preferred steamship travel. After all, you'd never meet a prince or a count in a private railroad car clanking across Iowa or Wyoming.

She celebrated her 18th birthday in November, 1930, when the depression was at its worst. Because of the economic situation, scores of debutantes skipped their coming out parties, or held small and inexpensive receptions.

Barbara Hutton was not one of these.

While bread lines were forming across the country, stag lines formed in the ballroom of New York's Ritz Carlton hotel.

A thousand guests danced under a floating moon designed by Joseph Urban. Three "name" orchestras played. Cases of champagne and caviar were consumed.

Barbara Hutton had her coming out party. It cost only $100,000. It was her money, wasn't it?

Three years later, she attained her one great desire—she was given outright control of her fortune, then grown to $42,000,000.

THE young heiress said good-by to America and started on a trip around the world. Those who have criticized her and accused her of having done nothing constructive with her life or with her millions should realize that it wasn't entirely a pleasure tour.

She became serious about the business of collecting—jades and brocades. She was equally serious in her study of the Chinese language and Chinese verse. She tried her hand at the latter with the following result:

Then when, my soul, you have garnered
This harvest of ecstasy,
Go gathering dreams that are tarnished,
To fashion a crown for me.

Prince Alexis Mdivani, youngest of the three "Marrying Mdivani" brothers, caught up with her in Bangkok. His brothers, David and Serge, had married prominent movie actresses; Alexis was wooing the richest girl in the world, at the time.

The first Franklyn Hutton knew of the romance was when the American consul cabled him from Bangkok.

Her father persuaded her to wait until he could reach Paris, and that's where the wedding took place on June 22, 1933. Prince Alexis, born a Mohammedan, joined the Russian Orthodox Church, and it was in the Orthodox cathedral that the 30-year-old Alexis claimed his bride.

On the honeymoon, she later said, he told her she ought to reduce, and Barbara went on a coffee diet, reducing from 146 to 102 pounds and endangering her health.

THAT, and her two subsequent weddings as have been reported, ended in divorce. At this writing, marriage No. 4 was still intact. And the Princess Troubetzkoy, as reported from Paris, was doing something constructive with her money again.

It was announced that she was a partner of playboy Freddie MacEvoy, who in turn had financed her latest husband, in a Paris agency through which wealthy Europeans "could buy anything, from a yo-yo to a locomotive."

And she did something else on her honeymoon. Maybe it was homesickness; nostalgia, the awakened conscience of this woman without a country, but she offered her million dollar London mansion to the United States as an embassy.

Ambassador Lewis Douglas said no, thanks, he wouldn't live in it if he could help it.

"I'm just a simple American," he said "It's too big."

The answer must have made Princess Troubetzkoy, granddaughter of a simple American dry goods clerk, pout—and wince.

Startling... delicious... Cheese Soufflé with a "top hat"!

How to make this KRAFT CLASSIC

1. Melt 4 tablespoons of butter or Parkay margarine in the top of a double boiler. Add 4 tablespoons of flour, 1 teaspoon of salt and a dash of cayenne. Add 1½ cups of milk, blending it in well. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly.

2. When the sauce is thick and smooth add ½-lb. of the smooth-melting Kraft pasteurized process cheese of your choice, sliced; the famous Kraft American for *medium*-mellow flavor or, for *sharper* flavor, "Old English" Brand.

3. Stir the sauce until the cheese is melted. Remove from the heat and add 6 beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. Cool slightly.

4. Carefully fold this cheese sauce into 6 egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Cut and fold the mixture thoroughly but lightly so that it is well blended.

5. Pour into an ungreased 2-quart casserole. Now to make your soufflé puff up with a "top hat" as it bakes, do this: Run the tip of a teaspoon around in the mixture 1 inch from the edge of the casserole, making a slight "track" or depression.

6. Bake 1¼ hours in a slow *steady* oven —300°. Serve at once. You'll amaze folks with your skill (needn't tell 'em *how easy* it was!) and delight everybody with *this* grand-tasting main dish.

For medium-mellow cheddar flavor most folks like best, get Kraft American in the 2-pound economy loaf or have your dealer cut sandwich slices from his 5-pound loaf. Half-pound sizes, too.

Save Money! Remember, ounce for ounce there is no other basic food that matches cheese for high-quality complete protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk.

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Hectic Home Life OF THE MARRIAGE EXPERT

Although He Has Failed to Practice What He Preaches, Dr. Morrison Isn't Bothered — And Even Wants to Try Marriage Again for the Fourth Time.

By Kathleen Doyle

THE name on the mailbox reads "H. Edward Morrison, M.D., Family Problems Bureau." The doctor's office in the ancient frame house in San Francisco, Calif., is lined with books he finds helpful in explaining to patients how to make their marriage lasting and successful. The room is filled with pictures of his six children, now grown.

On the desk stands the photograph of a baby whose parents he once had reconciled.

The only inconsistency is in the spare, balding counsellor himself, who was recently divorced from his third wife.

That he apparently fails to practice what he preaches doesn't disconcert 55-year-old Dr. Morrison. The day his latest divorce was originally scheduled for trial he wasn't able to go to court because of a previous appointment to address a neighboring men's club on "How to Be Happy Though Married."

When asked if, in view of his personal difficulties, he intended to keep the engagement, he replied:

"Why not? I've been studying the subject for 20 years. I certainly know what I'm talking about." That was in 1946.

Not until more than a year later did the case finally reappear on the court calendar.

By this time his wife, Mary A. Morrison, had filed a countersuit, and last September it was she who was awarded the decree of divorce.

Although that makes three strikes against him, Dr. Morrison isn't discouraged. As soon as his current divorce becomes final, he plans to marry again.

"How can a man run a business like mine without a wife?" he asks, undaunted by the fact that, thrice wed, he has yet to achieve the marital Utopia he charts for others.

Mrs. Helen Morrison, mother of all his children, divorced him in 1938 on grounds of "extreme cruelty." Within a few years he'd won another bride in Carson City, Nevada.

But he didn't win her for keeps, either, as things turned out.

"Dr. Morrison," claimed wife No. 2 in her subsequent suit for annulment, "refused to assume the obligations of a husband and neglected to provide the common necessities of life." The union was dissolved.

With two broken marriages behind him, Dr. Morrison now felt qualified to open a family problems bureau and marriage clinic.

"I put an ad in the paper," he recalls, "asking for a middle-aged, intelligent woman to help me in my new work. Mary, the woman who answered, was more glamorous and younger than I expected, so I married her."

In the suit filed soon after their third anniversary, he alleged that "during the greater part" of their married life Mary "maintained an unjustifiable system of espionage" upon him.

This included censoring his telephone calls and "physically precipitating herself into his office while he was consulting with patients."

He did his best to cope with the situation, he said, but when she moved upstairs, leaving him on the ground floor alone, Dr. Morrison began to lose hope. However, he explained, it wasn't until she took advantage of the extension phone in her quarters to give his patients unsolicited advice while they were talking to him that he headed for the divorce court.

After the suit was filed, it's possible he re-read the mimeographed outline of one of his own speeches in which he'd written:

"If your marriage seems hopeless to you, is divorce the only solution to your difficulties? NO! A trained and experienced counsellor can often help you achieve a degree of success and happiness in the existing marriage which it never had even at the start and which would be very unlikely in possible subsequent marriages."

The one-day postponement of the divorce hearing he had requested, in order to advise a group of businessmen on how to make their marriages a success, stretched out to a total of 13 months.

The delay did not lead to a reconciliation, however. Mary filed a cross-complaint, in which she charged that immediately after the ceremony Morrison revealed that for him the marriage was "one of convenience." Furthermore, she maintained, he "often told her he expected her to earn her own living and that he would not support any woman."

The day she took the stand in court she also recalled that on one occasion when she offered a suggestion about one of his patients he batted her with a broom.

Dr. Morrison, a stickler for accurate detail, insisted it was a new broom. "Besides," he added, "I hit her with the soft edge of it."

The judge decided the director of the Family Problems Bureau and Marriage Clinic of San Francisco hadn't been as ideal a husband as his title might imply. He awarded the decree to Mary, a few pieces of furniture, $1 a month alimony—and the right to share the old-fashioned breakfront house that serves the doctor as both home and office.

But as far as Mary is concerned, the housing shortage can't ease up too soon. Whether it does or not, she plans to move before her successor takes over.

As for his own future, Dr. Morrison says: "The clinic? Of course I'm going on with it.

"I've only just begun!"

Illustrated by LEE CONREY

The Man Who Gave Advice on Family Problems Was Annoyed When His Third Wife Tried to Give the Orders.

Make sure it isn't POLIO

When Your Child Displays Unusual Temper Tantrums, They May Be One of Many Polio Symptoms, but Prompt Medical Care Can Prevent Crippling and Save Lives.

POLIO, the arch enemy and cripler of children, attacks treacherously. Its early symptoms often are so confusing and varied that any sort of illness, no matter how slight, should be carefully watched and checked by a doctor.

The disease can begin with a fever, cold, indigestion, nausea, headache, pain in the back and shoulders, or with unusual fits of temper.

While polio lurks around throughout the year, it is most prevalent during the late summer and early fall months in the northern and temperate parts of the country, and in the more southern parts its activity continues even in winter.

Although no specific cure for infantile paralysis has yet been found, medical science has made some new and important gains in its war against this disease. There is greater hope today than ever before that the prevention of poliomyelitis would become possible through vaccination.

One strain of the virus that causes the disease has, at last, been isolated in pure form. New vaccines, which eventually may be available for humans, have immunized animals against certain types of polio. And doctors have some new and definite knowledge about the ways in which people get—and spread—this crippling illness.

At Stanford University, California, Dr. Hubert S. Loring and his associates have prepared a "pure" form of the virus by whirling the material known to contain the cause of the disease in a machine called an ultracentrifuge. The virus was then exposed to ultra-violet rays, thus weakening it and forming a vaccine. When injected into laboratory rats, the new vaccine proved successful in protecting them against the disease.

In a similar experiment conducted at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md., Drs. Isabel Morgan, Howard A. Howe and David Bodian vaccinated and immunized monkeys against polio. Using the active and potent infantile paralysis virus in very small doses, the Hopkins scientists injected the solution into the muscles of the animals. Later the monkeys withstood heavier doses.

Three bacteriologists of the University of Southern California—Drs. John F. Kessel, Harold E. Pearson and Charles F. Pait—have developed an "immunizing agent," a type of vaccine which has been effective in giving protection against four different forms of the disease. These doctors believe that there may be several different strains of polio virus, and report that their agent has been effective in four of the six known types of polio in test animals. Small buff monkeys, whose reactions most closely resemble those of humans, were used in the experiment.

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

The hope from these experiments stems from the fact that the scientists are now at about the same stage in their fight against polio as they were five years ago in their search for a vaccine against influenza.

Until a polio vaccine is discovered, or a cure is found, it is wise to follow a few practical rules of prevention based on scientific investigation.

Polio appears to spread from one person to another. While the mode of transmission is not fully understood, it is known that the virus can enter the body through the skin, the mouth and the nose.

Flies, and perhaps other insects, can carry the disease.

Food should be covered and protected, and should be washed before eating. In an experiment conducted by Yale University investigators, a dish of sliced bananas was placed in the room of a child suffering from polio. Flies buzzed around the fruit for two days. When this food was fed to chimpanzees, the animals became infected with the polio virus.

After violent exercise, youngsters and adults should not plunge into cold water. Experiments show that strenuous activity followed by a sudden chill appears to lower body resistance to the polio infection.

Removal of tonsils and adenoids is not advised during the polio epidemic.

Dr. Hillary Koprowski, of New York City, claims to have discovered a method of detecting the polio virus in the bloodstream.

If the New York doctor is able to repeat his findings in a large number of cases, it may mean that a specific blood test will soon be available.

The importance of quick diagnosis and early medical care is well illustrated in the case of a one-family epidemic that recently struck down all nine children in the family of Frank Andres, a Randall, Minn., dairy farmer.

The chances were a million to one that infantile paralysis would ever hit nine children in one family — especially nine husky farm kids. But the "crippler" did strike, and swiftly. Its first target was Donald, 18; then Cecelia, 14, and right down to Charlie, one year old.

But, thanks to a quick diagnosis and treatment by Dr. Edwin G. Knight, the story has a happy ending.

Three of the children were rushed to St. Gabriel's Hospital, about 15 miles away. The others were sent to University Hospital in Minneapolis. In both places, through continuous teamwork by doctors and nurses, all of the children responded favorably. None has suffered any disability.

Through modern methods of treatment and better diagnosis, the crippling and death caused by polio has been steadily reduced. The records show that about 75 per cent of the victims today may recover without any serious, permanent disability. About 20 per cent will be maimed, but with the application of modern orthopedic surgery and rehabilitation they also have vastly improved opportunity for recovery.

Science will not rest until—with the support of your contributions—it finds the protective vaccines and some remedy that will wipe out polio, the disease that cripples and kills thousands of people every year.

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By Irving Johnson

When CONGRESS Adjourned for a Horse Race

The Legislators Descended Upon Pimlico to Witness the Nation's Most Talked of Contest —Only to See a "Dark Horse" Win

IN 1877 Rutherford Birchard Hayes took office as President of the United States, Russia declared war on Turkey and Congress adjourned to see a horse race.

The race was held at Pimlico on Oct. 24, and all summer long public interest had been building up for it. Never before had the nation been so excited about two horses.

Ten Broeck was F. B. Harper's unbeaten champion from Kentucky and now finally he had come to Maryland to turn it out with Tom Ochiltree, the best in the East. Big Tom was owned by George L. Lorillard, and his record was only a little less impressive than his rival's.

Actually there were three horses in the race, but one of them wasn't supposed to belong there at all. This third starter was Parole, a Pennsylvania-bred gelding with a respectable, but unspectacular, past.

The gelding was entered merely to fill out the race, and no one, except possibly his owner, Pierre Lorillard, and a few dreamy optimists expected him to figure in the running.

At last the great day came. The congressmen chartered a special train for the 40-mile journey from Washington to Baltimore. By race time, 20,000 had crowded into the track, and the grounds outside were a vast sea of waiting carriages.

In the massed thousands that filled the clubhouse and grandstand and all the open space extending back from the rail were scores of senators, representatives, judges, diplomats, governors, mayors, politicians of high and low degree and 1,000 Kentuckians who had come to lay their dollars on their favorite.

A burst of rain in the morning muddied the track, and the stewards wanted to postpone the race. But Mr. Harper objected and, after a conference of owners and officials, it was declared on.

The race, a punishing two-and-a-half-mile test of speed and endurance, was the third on the card. The sun was high and a haze lay on the hills when the bugle called the horses out on the track.

A roar went up when Ten Broeck passed the grandstand and an even mightier one when the powerful Tom Ochiltree cantered by. Parole caught only the dying echoes.

The betting was heavy. In the Paris pools 3,935 tickets, representing $19,675, were sold. Of this total, 2,475 were on Ten Broeck and 851 on Tom Ochiltree. Only 109 had been sold on Parole till just before post time, when his owner bought 500.

At the same time, he and his associates wagered a fabulous sum in side bets on their longshot.

Finally the betting was over and the horses lined up for the start. Tom Ochiltree was on the rail, Parole in the middle, and the favorite, Ten Broeck, on the outside.

A great hush fell over the crowd. The horses pawed restlessly and one shook his head. Then——

"They're off!"

With one mighty shout the tension was broken. Ten Broeck was a flash of orange and red as he broke to the front. Ochiltree followed less than a length behind, while Parole was another length farther back.

The early pace was slow. At the three-quarter pole, Ten Broeck was half a length to the good with the positions of the others unchanged. Ten Broeck, running easily, improved his lead and Parole started to drop back at the turn.

Walker, the famous Negro jockey, was still holding the favorite in check at the start of the second mile. At this point, Barbee, riding Ochiltree, shook up his mount and the big Easterner closed in on the leader.

Opposite the grandstand, Ochiltree ran even with Ten Broeck and the pair moved on for a while as one horse. When the half mile pole was passed, Ochiltree had moved into a two-length lead and Barrett, Parole's jockey, gave the gelding his head.

Parole was gaining slowly, but in the excitement few noticed it.

By now, Walker began to realize his champion would have to go all out to win this one and preserve his victory skein. The next quarter was run at a killing pace and yet when the grandstand was passed for the second time Tom Ochiltree was still leading by a half length.

Along the rail and in the stand and clubhouse the crowd was screaming hysterically. Ten Broeck was inching up on Ochiltree and Parole was roaring into contention.

Ochiltree held his lead for the next quarter and then it was Ten Broeck in front and drawing ahead. Now, surely, the race was won. Ochiltree had run his race, shortening his stride at every gasping foot-fall.

But it wasn't over and now it was Parole that was doing all the running —Parole, the gelding that didn't have a chance, that didn't belong on the same track with the others.

Now he was blazing past Ochiltree and running at the leader.

Ten Broeck was first into the stretch and Walker heard the furious hoofbeats behind him. With savage whip, he tried to keep his horse in front, but there was still a furlong left when Parole ranged alongside.

The scarlet colors of Pierre Lorillard were in front now. Further and further ahead moved the flying Parole, a length, then a second and finally a third as he thundered across the finish all by himself.

They were strung out at the end, with Ochiltree another three lengths in back of the done-in Ten Broeck.

As Parole, puffing and blowing, came back to the winner's circle, the crowd stormed upon the field. Jockey Barrett was hoisted into the air by the delirious multitude.

His colors were torn and his cap ripped to pieces by souvenir hunters.

Parole's price, $30.60 (for a $5 ticket), was put up and the time of the race (4:37¾) announced.

The happy jockey was still hemmed in on the rail listening to the roars of the crowd when the bugle sounded for the next race.

Along With the Spectators, Representatives and Senators Forgot Their Dignity and Cheered the Exciting Three-Cornered Race.

Illustrated by WILLIAM RANDALL

those Baby mix-ups

Young Leonard Sosa Is Mighty Fond of His New Brother Who, His Parents Claim, Should Have Been a Sister.

Exclusive American Weekly Photograph By Ted [illegible]

Many a Mother Can't Help Loving That Child, Whether a Hospital Gives Her the Right or Wrong One

By Watson Crews, Jr.

MOST hospitals today have elaborate means of identifying newborn babies, but in spite of all precautions there is an occasional incident which gives a mother apparent reason to doubt if she has her own child.

Such an incident occurred recently in Lincoln Hospital in the Bronx section of New York City, and as a result Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Sosa want $200,000 for their anguish.

"I'm sure my baby was a girl," Mrs. Sosa said. "This one is a boy. No matter what happens now, I'll never feel the same."

On June 27, 1943, a baby was born in South Hoover Hospital, Los Angeles, to 26-year-old Lorraine Hardwig, whose husband was the manager of a liquor store.

She was told it was a boy and her husband, Harry, informed his friends that he was the father of a son. When the baby was taken home six days later, the startled parents discovered they had a girl.

The attending doctor admitted that he had been wrong about the sex, but the Hardwigs, nevertheless, sued the hospital for half a million dollars. They didn't get it. Patricia Lynn, who had been registered at birth as Richard, is a very pretty girl with long blonde curls and blue eyes. Her father was killed a year ago in an auto accident.

"I'm still bitter toward the hospital," Mrs. Hardwig says, "but I'm convinced that Patricia is mine. There are so many ways I know—I just can't explain. Pat resembles both of us, sometimes me, sometimes my husband. It was a very regrettable incident, but I know I have my baby. Harry did, too."

Five years later—in September, 1938—two expectant mothers, Mrs. Paul Mahoney and Mrs. William Boaz, entered the California Lutheran Hospital in Los Angeles. After their babies were born, Mrs. Mahoney was given a dark-haired boy to nurse and Mrs. Boaz a red-headed boy. When they left the hospital, the red-head was put in Mrs. Mahoney's arms and the brunette to Mrs. Boaz.

Both protested, but the hospital insisted its records showed that was how it ought to be. The Boazes sued for $85,000 but settled out of court. The Mahoneys asked $25,000, and lost.

"I went to trial to have the hospital prove to me that I got the right child," Mrs. Mahoney says. "I don't think it was really established, but I have no doubt that Dennis is mine. At the time of the trial, when he was two years old, I wouldn't have changed, even if it had been proved that I had Mrs. Boaz' baby and she had mine. You get too attached to a baby in two years.

"But that's all hypothetical. Mrs. Boaz is satisfied and so am I."

Probably the most publicized baby mixup since the time of King Solomon occurred in Chicago in 1930 when Mrs. Charles E. Bamberger and Mrs. William Watkins shared a room in Englewood Hospital and left with what they thought were their sons.

A few days later Papa Watkins discovered a strip of adhesive on his boy's back with the name "Bamberger" on it. A phone call confirmed his worst suspicions. The Bamberger baby had an adhesive strip with "Watkins" on it.

Watkins filed suit, and the families got together in a conference. They decided that each mother, regardless of the names, had taken the right child, but a few days after that the mothers changed their minds and swapped. The suit was settled.

They weren't so sure, but five years later, as they celebrated the boys' birthday together, each family said it was completely satisfied.

When the two girl babies of Mrs. John C. Garner and Mrs. Daniel Pittman became mixed up babies in an Atlanta, Ga., hospital in 1920, the job of unscrambling was taken to a judge who finally ruled that each mother should keep one of them until both were 17, and then the girls were to choose their own parents.

The Garners' temporary daughter died. The other, Louise Madeline Pittman, surprised everyone by deciding, when the time came, that she really was the Garner baby and had been living with the wrong parents all these years. Later, however, she announced she would live with both the Garners and Pittmans alternately.

The future of the Sosa baby in the Bronx will remain unsettled legally, at least—until a court [illegible] whether the parents are entitled to collect $200,000 from New York City, since Lincoln Hospital is run by the municipal government.

The Sosas are Puerto Ricans. She is 27, dark, slim and petite. He is two years older and an unemployed war veteran. They have an 18 month-old son, Leonard.

Their second baby was born after a Caesarian operation and Mrs. Sosa, who was conscious at the time, says she was shown a baby girl. She says she was given a light-haired baby girl to nurse for six days, but then a dark-haired boy was substituted.

The hospital insists that the mother was given the same baby from the start. It admits that a birth certificate for a female child was sent to the father first, to be followed later by a certificate for a male. That was the only mistake made, according to the hospital authorities, and it was the fault of a clerk who carelessly put down the wrong sex.

Mrs. Sosa remained completely unconvinced. She followed the legal maneuvers of her attorneys impatiently, declaring:

"All I want is my baby girl. Of course the boy baby is sweet but I don't think I can ever love him like my own."

It might be a comfort to know that other mothers thought the same thing—and were wrong.

DR. RAY LYMAN WILBUR, formerly Secretary of the Interior, for years has been a leader in medical education, heading many scientific and sociological societies. Long before he became chancellor of Stanford University, he was its president and dean of its medical school. He has been president of the American Academy of Medicine and president of the Social Hygiene Association. He was born in Boonesboro, Iowa, in 1875.

By Ray Lyman Wilbur

"My FAITH"

FAITH is a form of confidence that can be illustrated by the little child who stands on the edge of a dark cellar and hears her father call, "Jump! I'll catch you!" and she jumps.

Such faith implies experience without which the child would not overcome fear and danger by an act of complete confidence.

That is the kind of faith I have—faith in the dependability of the laws of the universe, whether it is in the movements of the stars and planets in the heavens or in the combinations that will result when acid and alkali are brought together in a test tube.

I have faith that there are universal laws that apply and that they can be discovered by research, and that anyone doing what I do in response to these laws will get exactly the same results.

Certainly, to have such surroundings a part of human experience is a privilege beyond compare. It breeds confidence to know that I can have faith that there are no deviations from the rules of nature or of the universe for any particular individual and that there is no substitution of any kind by which some other human being can perform an "act of faith" that is against those universal laws.

As man became more educated he began to think in abstract terms. The words we learn to use are in themselves abstractions. Great words are few, but among these are those which carry us at once into the field we call religion.

They are such words as faith, honor, honesty, justice, dependability, universe, universal laws, sacred, fair, forgiveness, soul, father, mother, loyalty.

They represent a code of conduct that gives us the greatest satisfactions in life and brings the most happiness to all humanity. Basically, religion is a code of conduct. But without faith, we would have no religion, no code of conduct.

Organized religion must have in it the element of faith combined with that spiritual quality which makes the human being different from all other living things.

Spirit is the great distinguishing characteristic between human life and all other forms of life.

In the history of the human race there have appeared great spiritual leaders who, by example and by organization of religious factors, have become worthy guides for living that is wholesome and full of what we have learned to call idealism.

It is the attempt to understand and group great conceptions of what life can be. The finest example of this that I know of is the life and teachings of Christ.

As with all forms of teaching, some sort of organization is vital if the lessons are to be learned by succeeding generations. While I belong to no particular church, I have the highest respect for the church as an organization based on Christ's conceptions and emphasizing the best impulses that come to human beings out of the void.

How or why these conceptions of self-denial and of service and of wholesome living should come is hard to understand; but it is so universal that it has to be accepted.

"Basically, Religion Is a Code of Conduct. Without Faith We Would Have No Religion, No Code of Conduct," Says Dr. Wilbur.

The forms of religion and creeds mean nothing to me, although I recognize that they do mean a great deal to many people and seem necessary if the teachings of great spiritual leaders are to influence all kinds of human beings.

Each individual is distinguished from every other individual that ever has been or ever will be on this earth. It is out of the genes of two individuals that a human being is formed, and no combination of these genes is exactly like any other combination.

Since man began to think he has built up various conceptions of a life after death. From this have come both fears and comfort. Life offers special advantages for those who can find comfort in a faith in immortality and can conceive of a heaven that is full of happiness.

Illustrated by KARL GODWIN

I would not see any such faith denied or changed, even though my own mind does not carry me beyond a certain point in trying to follow through on such a conception.

I rejoice in the stars, in an orderly universe, and in the happiness that comes from good deeds.

I view as pure nonsense the astrological conceptions of the stars in their courses as being interested in the life and welfare of any human being based on the particular hour in which he or she is born.

To me such a belief is a piece of effrontery, for it violates all of the rules of the great game we call life, which must come from some forces or some Creator at some time.

What we see is a process that has gone on for millions of years and probably will go on for millions of years ahead.

The records of prehistoric life that have been preserved for us in fossil remains show that living units have become more complicated and that the appearance of man has been one of the comparatively recent and great events in universal history, at least so far as our earth is concerned.

There is apparently some kind of process at work by which the human being has grown in skills, in mental processes, and in ability to learn more of the laws of life and of the universe.

The idealistic conceptions that have come from great leaders such as Christ, Confucius, Buddha, Mohammet, seem to me all to be based on the promise that true happiness comes from trying to discover truth and trying to help others to discover it and make it a part of daily living.

It is a magnificent conception to think of a power, for which most people seem to use the word "God," that is unfolding on our earth a series of processes and events that stimulate us to try to reach perfection and to strive for happiness and for peace and control rather than conflict.

The dignity of man and his independence of spirit are beautiful qualities that make life worth while and its goals meaningful.

HEROINES of the SWITCHBOARD

Unselfish Devotion to Public Service Has Led Hundreds of Ordinary Women to Perform Extraordinary Deeds

By Booton Herndon

THE telephone operator at Ossining, N. Y., talked for quite a while but it was no ordinary conversation. The boy on the other end of the line had accidentally discharged a full blast from a shotgun into his foot. Alone in the house, he'd run to the telephone for aid.

In the telephone office, Mrs. Ethel Connaughton talked calmly and reassuringly to the boy. She told him how to make a tourniquet, how to apply it, and she held on to make sure he staunched the flow of blood.

She called a doctor, who suggested it would save time if she got the boy in a taxi, so doctor and patient could meet at the hospital halfway between the two.

Mrs. Connaughton called the taxi, but she kept the boy on the line, chatting with him and keeping him from going into a panic, until the cab driver arrived and got him safely to the hospital.

Telephone operators frequently do more than just ring numbers. Mrs. Mary E. Algor of Holmdel, N. J., put in a busy night not so long ago after a frightened call from a New York City druggist.

"A woman just walked out of here with a bottle of acid," he screamed. "She thinks it's eyewash. She'll put her eyes out if she uses it!"

The druggist knew only the name of the customer and that she lived near Holmdel. Mrs. Algor rang the woman's number, but there was no answer.

Calling her sister in to relieve her on the switchboard, she sped to the estate, miles away. Neighbors told her that the woman was at a New York hotel. Mrs. Algor rushed a call through to the hotel, and finally found her.

She had just come in, and was at that moment preparing to bathe her eyes with the harsh acid. Thanks to Mrs. Algor, her eyesight was spared.

Theodore N. Vail awards, presented annually to men and women who perform heroic actions in connection with their duties as telephone employes of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its subsidiaries, were presented to these heroines of the switchboards. Mrs. Mildred Lothrop won the Gold Medal, and the $1,000 which accompanies it, twice.

The first time grew out of her actions on the night of May 31, 1920 when a cloudburst broke above the little town of Homer, Nebraska. She was alone on duty when the call of warning came through.

She called city officials, telling them a solid wall of water was descending on the town, and then rang up every home with a telephone in the community. Some people took heed, others fussed at her for waking them up.

The mayor called her. "Get out of there," he commanded. "You'll be drowned!"

For the first time, Mrs. Lothrop rudely cut off a conversation. She didn't even bother to answer him, but stayed on the job until the rising water flooded the switchboard. She escaped at the last minute.

Mrs. Lothrop was given credit for saving hundreds of lives. Twenty years and four days later she repeated her actions, almost identically. Another disastrous flood struck Homer, and again she stuck to her switchboard, alerting the people of Homer against the danger.

Mrs. Myrtle E. Hadley, too, refused to leave her post—although her husband was one of several men buried in a cave-in of a well at Snyder, Oklahoma. At first, of course, she thought of rushing to the scene, but then she realized she could do more for her husband where she was.

She aroused workers and physicians and sent them to the well. Her husband, along with the other imprisoned men, was saved through her calm, sensible actions.

Not always do telephone operators perform heroic actions and win gold medals. Mrs. W. H. Green performed an act of kindness that will be remembered by a frail little lady from a small town in Canada for the rest of her life.

Mrs. Green, an attendant at a telephone room in Grand Central Terminal in New York, looked up one day to see a woman in tears. She had come from Canada to meet her nephew, whom she hadn't seen since he was a baby. The train was late, and in the confusion and rush and noise of the big station, so unlike the quiet siding at home, she had missed him.

Mrs. Green called the nephew's home, on Long Island, but got no answer. The Canadian woman was ready to go back home, right then for there, but Mrs. Green reassured her. Finally she found an operator on Long Island who knew the nephew and who directed her to another friend. Mrs. Green learned that he had gone to the wrong station.

She called there, located the nephew, and put the lady in a cab to be met at the other station by the nephew. When she last saw the person she had befriended she was smiling with anticipation, and busily wiping away the tears.

A four-year-old girl swallowed poison in Chicago. The antidote was known only by the makers of the poison, and Mrs. Mary E. Cusick, an operator on duty that night, was asked to help because the company offices were closed.

Mrs. Cusick, through a series of calls, found the president of the company, who referred her to the chief chemist, who gave the proper antidote to the hospital.

The little girl's life was saved by telephone.

Only After the Countryside Had Been Warned of the Flood Did Mrs. Lothrop Leave Her Switchboard and Then She Had to Be Dragged Away With the Waters Rushing About Her.

Illustrated by NICOLAS PISARRO

PART OF THE AMERICAN SCENE

Ski Country— where winter turns the highlands into a glittering playground—and man flies without wings. Frosted with powdered snow . . . etched with curving ski tracks . . . a white wonderland that is now, more than ever, part of the American Scene . . . *Painted by C. Ivar Gilbert.*

Throughout this nation of coffee lovers—**MORE PEOPLE BUY AND ENJOY MAXWELL HOUSE THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF COFFEE!**

Because that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor adds so much real enjoyment to good living, Maxwell House is America's favorite —of all coffees, at *any* price! Yes, North, South, East, or West, Maxwell House is truly part of the American Scene.

Good to the Last Drop!

Products of General Foods

● *Tune in . . . Maxwell House Coffee Time . . . starring George Burns and Gracie Allen, NBC, Thursday Night*

Romance of the PEANUT KING

By Jack Stone

ON A cold-rainy October night of 1889 a slight, bewildered little Italian immigrant by the name of Amadeo Obici arrived in Scranton, Pa., to make his home with an uncle. He was 11 years old. His earthly possessions consisted of 75 cents.

Nevertheless his eyes were set upon a distant horizon and his heart was full to bursting with the wonder of this amazing new world.

Last May, 58 years later, that same Amadeo Obici lay dying in Mercy Hospital, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. His short, stocky body was wracked with pain. He knew his end was near. Yet his eyes were still set upon the horizon and there was a smile on his lips. His heart was filled, too, with another wonder; the wonder of his wife, who had died seven years before, and whom he hoped soon to join.

"I was married to the greatest woman a man ever had," he told his nurse. "The woman I married gave me all the success I have known."

Amadeo Obici was no longer a poor immigrant boy. He was the nation's "Peanut King," a multimillionaire, organizer of the Planters Nut and Chocolate Co. and subsidiaries.

In between that day in 1889 and Obici's death last May lies a truly rags-to-riches saga. It is the story of a man's belief in himself and his dream, of a woman's unwavering faith in her husband, of simplicity of soul and honesty of effort.

Amadeo's first job in his adopted country was as helper to his uncle, a Scranton tailor. He gave that up and got a job in a cigar factory, then shifted to Wilkes-Barre, where he worked in the fruit stand business for $6 a month and board. Next he was barkeep in a saloon whose proprietor also indulged in local politics.

The saloon owner asked the eager young immigrant to do missionary work among the Italian population for his candidates.

Amadeo consented, and it was in this way that he met Mario Peruzzi, who later became his fellow worker and brother-in-law, and who now is in line to inherit control of Obici's vast peanut enterprises.

It was in this way, too, that he met Louise Musante, a grave, brown-eyed girl with a wistful smile who came from his native Italy.

It was to Louise that the young immigrant bared the dream which had kept him awake at nights.

Some people might laugh at the lowly peanut as a stepping stone to riches, but not Louise. She listened gravely to his plans. "So," she told him, "you want to go into the peanut business in a big way? Well, why not? I think it is wonderful."

"I live for the day when everybody, young and old, will want to eat them," Amadeo said. "Louise, peanuts are going to be my life!"

Amadeo got himself a small peanut roaster and roamed the town. Gone were the barkeep days. Ahead lay success. When his business had built itself up to a point where Amadeo whistled while he worked, Louise prodded him. "You must expand," she told him. "You can never get ahead by standing still."

Amadeo bought a $39,000 building by covering it with a $39,000 mortgage. This he was able to do because John Hance, a grocer and bank official who took a fatherly interest in the young immigrant, moved heaven and earth to arrange the unusual business transaction. Later Hance was to be more than repaid for his faith.

With ready cash of $600 Obici installed an oyster bar, a soda fountain and a big peanut roaster. The bar and soda fountain did all right, but it was the peanut roaster that brought the money in.

He married Louise and they were sublimely happy. In 1906 it was clear—Louise made it clear—that Amadeo should expand, once more. All he needed was capital. Peruzzi, now his close friend, put up $2,000 and came in as a business partner. Together they formed Planters Peanut Co. Obici's chief asset was a process he had discovered by which peanuts could be blanched of their red skins before salting without breaking in half.

Five girls did his roasting and packaging, while he made the rounds of the town in an old wagon bearing the inscription:

"The Peanut Specialist."

Obici and Peruzzi were experts at merchandising even then. Amadeo inserted one of the letters of his name in each bag of nuts. A complete set, spelling Amadeo Obici, was worth, first, a free bag of peanuts and later on a dollar watch.

Despite their hard work it was 1910 before Planters Peanut Co. showed a net profit: $4,000 on $100,000 sales. Two years later it paid its first dividend.

But Obici, backed by an ever-confident Louise, was not one to stop there. With his wife at his side he appeared in one of the largest banks in Suffolk, Va., one day in 1912. He outlined his Wilkes-Barre success to the president, then blurted out his request without pausing for breath:

"I need $100,000 from your bank to build a peanut-cleaning plant here."

"You can't build a plant for that amount," the banker said.

"No," said Obici. "I plan to get $25,000 each from two other banks."

The president gazed past the couple. "There's really no reason for your going to those other banks," he said at last, "we'll let you have the whole amount."

From that day on the rise of Obici's company was assured. He opened plants in California, Canada, stores over the nation, subsidiary units to make peanut by-products. When the prices rose he refused to lower the quality of his product or pass the cost on to the consumer.

He had brought his entire family over from Italy. Peruzzi had married Obici's sister. Amadeo and Louise, despite their wealth, lived simply in a Suffolk home.

John Hance, who had meantime gone broke, was not forgotten either. Obici brought him to Suffolk and took care of him until his death.

When Louise died in 1940 a part of Amadeo died with her. That was why, as he lay dying himself, he could smile in face of the pain.

"You know," he told his nurse, "Louise always said I was the man who took peanuts and put them to work. But I really didn't. It was Louise."

Shortly before Obici died, Rep. Mitchell Jenkins of Pennsylvania delivered a panegyric on the former immigrant in Congress.

"His is a story of courage and imagination," Jenkins said. "In miniature, this is the story of America itself, for it exemplifies those which have made America great."

Soon, within the shadows of the Planters Nut and Chocolate Co. in Suffolk, a beautiful hospital will begin to rear its walls. When it is finished a bronze plaque will be placed over the entrance.

On it will be inscribed: "The Louise Obici Memorial Hospital."

Telling this nurse about this provision in his will, Obici said:

"Louise never cared much about money, but I know the hospital will please her."

Profits From Peanuts Poured From the Hands of Amadeo Obici, but He Always Claimed It Was His Wife, Louise, Who Put the Peanut to Work.

MEDICAL HUCKS

By Morris Fishbein, M. D.,
Editor, Journal of the American Medical Ass'n,
and William Engle

ALL that is left now of the medical Wizard of the Universe is a gnarled little man breasting the shadows of a quiet country town, his mind still fired by the past.

Sometimes he stops a villager and says: "It worked. I say the Spectro-Chrome worked. It eased the ills of multitudes. It is wonderful beyond anyone's thinking."

Then he turns briskly and walks on, bug-eyed, resolute, mystical — Dinshah P. Ghadiali, known to his disciples from coast to coast as a benefactor of mankind, and known to the United States Government as the most picturesque impostor of the decade.

When he says the Spectro-Chrome "worked," he implies that his invention, a magical box, has cured many of humanity's gravest diseases. Cancer, tuberculosis, diabetes, paralysis, high blood pressure, all these and others have been subdued, his apostles believe, merely by the colored light of an electric bulb shining through the box's many-hued glass slides.

The government knows better. At last it has run the wizard down. His magical box does not "work." It is a preposterous fake. The wizard, after 25 years of advising "attuned color waves" for human misery, is under suspended sentence to Federal Prison.

It was not easy to quell him, this vainglorious charlatan, Dinshah P. Ghadiali, 73 years old, of Malaga, N. J., a Parsee originally from Bombay, India, a self-styled metaphysician proclaiming, "My field, the cosmos."

His mind is glittering, his information broad. The scorn of scientists for a generation has not feazed him. He has never been awed by the law.

Gradually, through the years, his magic boxes have been distributed across the country. The boxes' light, passing through the tinted glass panes, has fallen on the halt and the blind. Some, bereft of every other hope, have put their trust in "color waves," and the grass grows green on their graves today.

TO BRING Ghadiali finally to justice and to banish him to shadows, the Federal Food and Drug Administration last year completed one of its most exhaustive investigations.

His trial in United States District Court in Camden, N. J., before Judge Philip Forman and a jury of four women and eight men, with the wizard himself conducting the defense, consumed 42 days. Assistant United States Attorney Grover C. Richman Jr., swore 73 witnesses. For Ghadiali 173 others testified.

It cost $200,000 to convict him and it required the presentation of some utterly heartbreaking evidence. That done, he stood guilty at last of introducing "into interstate commerce a misbranded article or device."

The "article or device" was the metal cabinet, the Spectro-Chrome, with its 1,000 watt electric bulb and its five different tinted glass slides, each color for a particular kind of human suffering, no suffering so dreadful that it might not subside, even cease, many believed, in a shaft of the cabinet's red or indigo, turquoise or magenta light.

Even for the wizard, medicine's firebrand since 1922, the trial last spring must have presented unforeseen emotional heights. For him and the government it was Armageddon.

"Anna Shaner!" The prosecutor was calling a witness.

Miss Anna Shaner of Philadelphia, a sweet faced young woman paralyzed since childhood, was helped to the witness stand.

"Did you receive treatment from the Spectro-Chrome?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was the treatment?"

"The colored light."

"Did you improve?"

"No, sir."

Ghadiali cross-examined. He knew [illegible] hopeless Anna Shaner. But nothing daunts him. He fixed his gaze—his talents include hypnotism—on her. He bent toward her slightly, and spoke in command.

"Anna, walk!"

She moved one foot a few inches forward, she was shaking. She looked at him pleadingly.

"Anna, walk!"

She moved the other foot slightly, and as spectators screamed she began to fall. A food and drug agent jumped up and saved her.

The wizard stood aside. He seemed contemptuous of the pity and fury in the courtroom. The young prosecutor called another witness.

"Vincent de Marco, please."

De Marco, a young businessman of Atlantic City, N. J., testified that his father, suffering from diabetes, had developed [illegible] which Dr. Edward S. Lyman, a professor of the University of Pennsylvania, had advised him to have amputated that his life might be saved, perhaps for many years.

Instead, Vincent and his father began to believe in the magic box, obtainable without charge upon one's signing as a member of the non-profit Spectro-Chrome Institute, membership fee, $90.

"You get it absolutely free—for $90," the prosecutor often charged.

The de Marcos got it in the usual way and on December 27, 1941, Vincent's father was taken home from a hospital. At home, that day, they turned on the box's yellow light.

On December 29, upon Ghadiali's telephoned advice, said Vincent, his father ate brown sugar and starches, although his malady was diabetes. On January 20, he fell into that critical state, a diabetic coma.

Vincent, terrified, telephoned to Ghadiali in the village of Malaga.

"My father is unconscious! What shall I do?"

Ghadiali's voice came back to him.

"Just shine the yellow light on him."

Vincent loved his father greatly. He could not reconcile himself to the emergency. He spoke to Ghadiali on the telephone again.

"My father is dying!"

"Just keep shining the yellow light on him."

Midnight struck, and the yellow light was shining on Vincent's father. It shone through the night. A little before dawn, the old man died. Vincent's sobs filled the house.

The prosecutor nodded toward a middle-aged woman.

"Mrs. Buck of Philadelphia," he said.

Mrs. Buck said she had a daughter, Florence, grown up now, and blind since she was a child. The box's light had shone on Florence, she said, and the girl had remained blind.

"Is Florence in the courtroom?" the prosecutor asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you point her out?"

"Yes, sir...Florence!"

THE girl, at one side of the room, half rose, and as all the eyes of the spectators came to rest on her, she raised her own eyes. They were blurred and vacant and seemed as irrevocably sightless as agate.

(The government charged that both the Shaner and Buck cases had been publicized by Ghadiali as cures.)

Others testified in this vein for the government. Sometimes the tension in the courtroom was so high that a witness's abrupt, low whisper

Illustrated by
WATSON LITTLE

The "Attuned Rays" From an Electric Bulb Shining Through Ti
"Doctor" Said. But the United States Government Finally Has

The WIZARD of COLORED LIGHT

nted Glass Can Cure a Girl, Past Any Other Hope? Yes, the Silenced the Voice of an Arch Faker and Banished His "Cure-All."

T'ERS

came like a thunderclap.

Parents said they had turned the "color waves" upon their congenitally defective children, a last resort, a hope when they knew there was no hope. The children had not changed.

Relatives said they had bathed mortally stricken loved ones in color and had seen them look with dying eyes toward the magic box.

Ghadiali, through it all, remained unmoved. He has been long inured to denunciation; he appeared to believe that even in this climactic legal struggle he could not lose.

Always he has seemed to thrive on opposition. His vitality is enormous. At 73, he has a second wife, seven sons between the ages of nine and 22, and he still contends in private that "unless the sun, moon and earth change their chemical irradiations, no other healing system will be able to supplant Spectro-Chrome-Metry."

The titles claimed by the wizard are many and they are strange. In his career from Bombay to Malaga he has been a "medical electrician," chief of an anti-forgery electric pen company, president of an "all cults" association and founder of a firm making wine without alcohol.

With such a past, it was not odd that the government's scientific evidence, when produced, staggered him no more than the pitiful words of the hopeless.

For years the American Medical Association has said that "the Spectro-Chrome fad plays on the public's ignorance of light therapy." Now there is Federal Court testimony by some of America's great medical leaders bearing this out.

The wizard's claims have been limitless. "Spectro-Chrome therapy will meet every condition of ill health. It is the latest revelation in the healing art."

Having learned that, the credulous have been told that most of the body is composed of four elements, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon. They have learned the "preponderating color waves" of the body are blue, red, green, violet and yellow and that the body is responsive to these "color wave potencies."

IN HEALTH, Ghadiali has proclaimed, the colors are balanced. In disease, they are out of balance. Therefore to cure disease, his literature has suggested, plug the magic box's cord into an electricity outlet; turn on the current; adjust the tinted slides; follow the Ghadiali formula and bathe a part of the body in the color combination which will provide the chemical needed.

Red is a blood builder, the Ghadiali story goes. Yellow is a [illegible] and good for the nerves. Violet depresses the heart. Magenta stimulates it. Lemon builds bones. Purple stirs desire, and turquoise is a year-around [illegible].

The scientific men who took the witness stand in the courtroom in Camden simply [illegible] it [illegible].

"A spot of color can be a cancer cure?" No, said Dr. Ira [illegible], head of the cancer clinic at Bellevue Hospital, New York. He played the colored light on [illegible] patients, he said, and found that later they could be [illegible] for skin [illegible] by X-ray or [illegible].

"What effect did the color have?" the prosecutor asked.

"None at all," said Dr. Kaplan.

In diabetes, a shaft of color saves lives? No, said Dr. Joseph T. Beardswood, professor of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He used the magic box's light on 14 patients.

"Did it have any beneficial effect?"

"No, sir. Most of the patients grew worse. Later we gave insulin as a matter of course and in each patient the disease was controlled."

Tuberculosis—does the color cure that?

"We used it on several patients," said Dr. George G. Ornstein, director of New York's great Seaview Hospital for Tuberculosis.

"What was the result?" the prosecutor asked.

"In one case there was no change. The others grew worse."

Unabashed, the wizard cross-examined. Through a maze of questions, he led each adversary down to a sharp, single-sentence inquiry, one of the immemorially answerless questions.

"Doctor, what makes the heart beat?"

"Well—nobody knows."

(The heart is, of course, regulated by the nervous system, as are all the tissues of the body.)

Ghadiali waited for that. Each time he heard it he drew himself erect and his voice rose.

"Don't say nobody knows! I know. Dinshah P. Ghadiali knows!"

His own witnesses may have believed that, for when they were sworn they said they believed in him. In all, 112 of them said that shafts of color from the Spectro-Chrome had cured them, some of minor maladies, others of the gravest of ills.

The jury didn't believe them. It believed, as Judge Forman later, in sentencing, said he believed, that they were "poor deluded souls." It found him guilty of all 12 counts in the indictment, the Spectro-Chrome Institute also guilty.

"The jury has found that the public has been exposed to a danger," said Judge Forman. "I must carry out the verdict without vindictiveness or retribution. Emphatically, it is my duty to stop this evil, and there is evil in this thing.

"You, Ghadiali, have conceived yourself to be a creator of a small universe and a system of healing which is the greatest boon to mankind. You competely failed to present any proof except from the lips of poor souls, devoid of any knowledge of human ills, who felt that they had been relieved."

THE prosecution, said the Judge, "presented one of the best prepared and tried criminal cases, fair and inclusive of all details, ever brought before me"—a tribute to Mr. Richman, the prosecutor, and indirectly to the Food and Drug Administration's exhaustive investigation headed by Joseph L. Maguire, senior attorney in the office of the general counsel, and Robert Stanfill, chief of the Administration's Philadelphia Section.

Still, with all lost except the chance for appeal, which he has taken), the wizard, the mountebank did not drop his composure. His bold eyes roved the courtroom as he heard the Institute fined $12,000, himself fined $8,000. His spare shoulders were squared as he listened to the penal sentence, three years in Federal Prison, suspended, five years on probation.

The Judge's calm words, however, must have seared him.

"It is my purpose to obliterate the danger to the American public that adherence to your system presents. On a breach of probation, you can expect no merciful consideration from this court.

"You are an old man. I shall not give your followers the morbid satisfaction of calling you a martyr."

That was why sentence was suspended. Better that the wizard wander, an outcast in the shadows of Malaga, the government agreed, than sulk, unchastened, a martyr in Leavenworth.

Another story about "Medical Hucksters" will appear in The American Weekly next week.

SECOND-HAND Glamour

"CAN an ordinary Kansas girl like me really buy a dress from you, one that might even have been worn by Garbo?"

Dorothea Richmond's answer is YES.

Back of that "yes" is a success story as fantastic as any in Hollywood. A former Ziegfeld Follies beauty, Miss Richmond parlayed an idea, a trunk full of worn theatrical finery and a flair for clothes into a million-dollar business.

Already her little second-hand store is famous, known as "Gowns of the Stars." It is located—of all places—slap-dab in the middle of Hollywood's Sunset Strip, noted for its swank salons and night spots.

From Park Avenue to Podunk, women have learned by some kind of feminine grapevine of Dorothea's unique business.

The secretary to the president of a large eastern firm shyly confesses she has been invited to luncheon by one of the vice-presidents, and she adds, "Of course, I want to look my best. I particularly like the clothes Rosalind Russell, Loretta Young and Joan Crawford wear."

MISS RICHMOND'S response to a hint of romance is always a little special—maybe a custom-made suit by Adrian which cost some movie queen a day's pay.

"The motion picture star," explains Dorothea, "often wears a garment only once or twice, because her fans always expect to see her in something new."

Some stars give their clothes to relatives or to their maids. But the more practical ones sell them to Miss Richmond, who also buys hundreds of garments from the major studios.

"We are Government girls," writes a Washington, D. C., customer. "Our budget, and particularly our clothes allowance, is very limited and yet we must keep up appearances. . . . Most of the better dress shops here have their prices geared to the high-ranking official set. . . ."

"THE type I need," writes another, "is what Claudette Colbert wore in the 'Secret Heart'. . . I'm a little hippier than Miss C."

Miss Richmond never tells her customers whose clothes they are getting, but that didn't stop 400 women from writing for the black evening gown Rita Hayworth wore in "Gilda." And she has had dozens of bids for the suit Joan Crawford wore in "Possessed."

One of Miss Richmond's odd requests came from Honolulu: "I being a teenager would also like to know about Clark Gable's sports shirts. I like them bright to wear to football games."

Other letters, like this one, are not a matter for levity: "I am a mother 38 years old and am always the last one in the family to get any clothes."

Or "I have been in the TB sanitarium for a long while, so everyone (including me) has forgotten how I look in a dress. In fact, I don't even have any dresses any more (just pajamas and bed jackets). But the doctor says I may be up for a while Christmas and go to the Christmas formal and maybe dance the first and last dances. It is the event of my life and I do want to look nice."

The writer enclosed a picture of Myrna Loy taken from one of the advertisements of "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer."

Miss Richmond discovered a store like hers in Paris in 1935 and brought back a box full of smart dresses which she sold to Broadway friends.

In 1938 she packed her trunks and paid her way on a trip around the world by selling the clothes right off her back.

Four years ago she opened her shop, selling second-hand garments from $5.95 to $100, and the world started beating a path to her door.

"It's a real service to the girls trying to get into pictures," she feels, "because they have to have a variety of outfits but can't afford to pay much for them."

When some of her customers end up on top, like Maria Montez, Miss Richmond feels a glow of pride.

"A lot of actresses won't admit they bought clothes from me when they were nobody," Miss Richmond says, "but that's a silly attitude to take."

The Patrons of the Little Hollywood Shop Buy Clothes, Worn on the Screen by Famous Movie Stars, at a Fraction of Their Original Cost.

"Have you seen the new PREMIER?"

"YES! AT ONLY $59.75 TOO!"

No wonder everybody's talking—

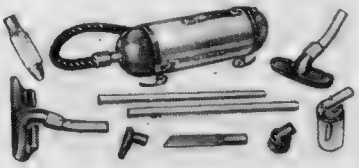
The news about the new model Premier is good listening for those with an eye on the family budget.

The new Premier "23" is Premier through and through—the same powerful suction, same ball-bearing motor, motor-driven brush, convenient dirt-finding search-lite and light weight that has made Premier preferred in three million American homes! You'll like the new modern finish, too! Thank our engineers for production economies that make it possible for you to own a Premier without stretching your budget. Now you can enjoy the new degree of cleaning ease and speed and still be thrifty.

Your dealer will demonstrate this and other new Premier models—ask him today to show you why Premier is this year's outstanding vacuum cleaner buy. Premiers are sold by authorized dealers everywhere.

PREMIER "23"

Easy to attach and easy to use . . . Premier Attach-a-Tools to fit this new Premier may be had for $17.50. Ask your dealer to demonstrate above-the-floor cleaning the Premier way.



PREMIER DUPLEX "12" with the exclusive "Rug-Meter" is another fine Premier upright model you'll want to see. The "Rug-Meter" makes adjustment of the cleaner to the rug *automatic*—ends stooping! Your dealer will demonstrate this finest of all Premiers . . . $89.75.

PREMIER "80"—If you prefer a cylinder-type cleaner, see this powerful Premier Aire-Matic "80". Its ½-h.p. motor provides more than ample suction and blowing power for every cleaning need. It comes complete with specialized tools for $74.95.

FREE! To make your housekeeping easier, write for this free booklet on moth control and removal of spots and stains. Crammed with helpful information. Literature on Premier Vacuum Cleaners will be included. Just fill in, tear out, and mail this coupon.

AW

PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER DIVISION
General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut

Please send booklet on Moth Control and Stain Removal; also literature describing the new Premiers.

Name .....

Address .....

City ... Zone ... State ...

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Production schedules doubled at Willow Run this year!

Compare the Ride!

KAISER and FRAZER owners say they enjoy a *ride* unequaled in any other car. Try it!

The Frazer Manhattan!

In nine months it has become America's largest-selling fine car! Because it offers buyers the greatest postwar *value!*

LAST YEAR, we produced 125,000 KAISER and FRAZER cars. While this broke all production records for a first year in the industry, it was only the beginning. For we still have tens of thousands of waiting customers.

This year we will do far better. The world's only 100% postwar automobile plant is about to hit its full stride! Willow Run has the capacity—and we have scheduled production at a rate *double* that of 1947. So go to your nearby K-F dealer and discover the difference between *prewar* and *postwar* cars! *Drive* one of these sensational products of ultra-modern engineering and styling! You can get one, now, almost as soon as you would like to have it.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

DON'T BE A Breakfast Grouch

Try this—FOR BETTER SLEEP AND HAPPIER MORNINGS!

IT'S A WAY THOUSANDS USE FOR SOUNDER SLEEP AND MORNING FRESHNESS!

It's hard *not* to be cross as a bear when you wake up tired and logy—fighting against yourself and against time to get up and get going! It's hard *not* to be grouchy. And when you finally struggle to work—it's *not* easy to do your best and make the most of your job!

So surely it's worth while trying this simple way thousands use to wake up peppy and pleasant. Just drink a cup of hot Ovaltine as a regular bedtime habit.

You've heard, of course, how Ovaltine promotes *sound sleep.* Safe, natural, *drugless* sleep—the kind that lets you wake up really rested and cheerful.

And don't forget *while you sleep* Ovaltine gives you *food*—processed for easy digestion—to build up vigor and energy for the morning. Plus a bonus of extra vitamins for keener vitality.

So to wake up your best—avoid grouchy mornings, do more work with less effort—why not try Ovaltine? Not just once in a while, but every night. See if it doesn't make an important and *pleasant* change in your life!

OVALTINE

PLAIN AND SWEET CHOCOLATE FLAVORED

Married in Jail

MANY a mother has felt it her duty to advise a lovelorn daughter against giving her hand to a man of questionable conduct.

"Never marry a man to reform him," such mothers have warned. "If you can't make him mend his ways before you become his wife, you'll never succeed later."

In her own way, brunette Lena Weaver, a seller of religious books, followed this prudent advice and wound up as the bride, in one of the strangest weddings on record.

The nuptial setting was not a church, or a fashionable hotel. It was a live-oak grove near Savannah, Ga. Plumes of Spanish moss trailed overhead and bright colored birds fluttered through the branches.

Eighty uniformed spectators witnessed the marriage. In the background moved several burly guards with shotguns. They weren't there to protect expensive wedding presents; their job was to prevent the audience from dashing off after the ceremony. Lena Weaver, church worker, was being married on a prison farm, and the onlookers were convicts.

She made a pretty picture in the white bridal dress and veil she had brought to the camp in a suitcase. The groom, James Freeman Wilkes, was neatly attired in a freshly starched and laundered suit—a prison suit.

Lena felt no misgivings, only pride—as they took their vows, for she was keeping a promise made months before when Wilkes fell in love with her in Bradenton, Fla., and was converted to religion.

"I'm not good enough for you," Wilkes confessed at that time. "I'm an escaped convict; I owe time in Georgia for burglary. I wish now I'd gone straight because I want to marry you more than anything in the world."

Miss Weaver prayed, and gave her answer.

"Go back and make things right with the law," she said. "Then I'll marry you."

Wilkes did, and his sweetheart, convinced of his reformation, went to prison to carry out her part of the bargain.

After the ceremony, the newlyweds withdrew to the visitors' room and ate a honeymoon dinner of fried chicken and other delicacies Lena had brought in the suitcase with her bridal outfit. Guards and other visitors left them discreetly alone until four o'clock in the afternoon.

Then the warden knocked. "Sorry, folks," he said, "Sunday visiting's over."

The bride packed her wedding gown and kissed her husband good-by.

"I'll be back next Sunday," she promised.

To reporters she said: "The Lord is going to use James to work among the prisoners.' But I hope the law will not keep him too long. I need him to help carry on the good work outside."

The Convicts, Who Were Guests at the Wedding, Thought the Bride Looked Lovely in the Dress She Brought to the Prison Farm.

King for a Night

FOR more than 40 years an Italian named Vittorio Abbati nursed one great ambition—to conduct a symphony orchestra.

When he was 10 years old his parents took him to a symphony concert and from then on his ambition was to be a great conductor. He never wanted to be a general on horseback, or a champion athlete—his dream was to wave a baton at a great orchestra and listen to the melody controlled by his gesticulations.

The other night Signor Abbati finally achieved his ambition. His dream came true. He was king for a night. He conducted the 93 piece Rome Opera House orchestra in a full-dress program of his favorite symphonic and operatic compositions.

The evening was not a financial success—because Signor Abbati, a 52-year old perfume salesman who can't read a note of music paid $850 for the privilege of behaving like Arturo Toscanini. Only a handful of people came to the concert and they paid in only $5 at the box office.

But Abbati was the happiest man in Italy that night. He didn't have much money left in the bank, but he had seen and listened to the dream of his life come true—he had waggled a stick at a full size symphony orchestra for two unforgettable hours.

What is YOUR OPINION?

Should a woman disclose her secret past to save another woman?

Here is a question filled with significant, dramatic consequences. Read "I Can't Trust You" in February MODERN ROMANCES! Your answer to Mellie's problem.... your candid opinion may be worth as much as $1,000. Today, get February MODERN ROMANCES at your newsstand! Read details of simple, easy-to-win "Opinion Contest." Give your opinion in plain everyday words. You will win a prize on *what* you say, not *how* you say it!

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"The Truth About Miscarriage." Thousands of expectant mothers need to know these facts.

"Is Your Child a Fussy Eater?" Every mother with this problem should read this article by Annis M. O'Neal, foremost authority on child care.

PLUS 4 OTHER STIRRING SHORT STORIES ABOUT REAL LIFE AND REAL PEOPLE.

PLUS 7 OTHER ARTICLES ON HOME-MAKING, PSYCHOLOGY, MEDICAL CARE AND TEEN-AGE PROBLEMS.

Modern Romances February issue { ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

CASE OF THE

The Clerk Was Puzzled When Irma Told Him She Didn't Know Where She Wanted Her Baggage Shipped. Finally, She Asked the Cab Driver to Find Out From the Man in the Car.

By Peter Levins

"WE JUST FOUND A BODY!" one of the men cried. "A young woman! She's lying on the grass beside the road!"

Patrolman Lawrence Corcoran and Joseph Vizian of the West 152d St. station in New York City hustled the two excited discoverers, George Allen and Wendall Careny, into the radio car and headed back northward along the Harlem River Speedway.

"We're bakers, and were on our way home from work," Allen told the officers, "when we saw her lying there between 165th and 166th Sts."

"And you walked all the way to us at 155th?" asked Corcoran.

"We didn't walk—we ran! We waved at cars and shouted, but not a single one would stop!"

The police car reached the spot at 5:50 that morning of July 20, 1937.

"Keep away from it," Corcoran warned the bakers as they climbed out. "Nothing is to be touched."

The comely, olive-skinned woman lay on her back on the grass island by the speedway, her feet pointing toward the pavement.

One of her shoes lay on the grass beside her, and her purse lay near her head. Dirt stained her face and leatherette jacket; her long black hair was in disarray.

Soon the city's homicide specialists were tackling what was to prove one of their most disagreeable—but successful—tasks.

And homicide it most certainly was, for Chief Medical Examiner Thomas A. Gonzales reported that the woman had been shot through the heart and abdomen.

"I don't think she could have been dead more than an hour when the crime was discovered," he said. "The gun had been pressed against her left side, for there are powder burns, and the dress is scorched. Two front teeth are loose, as though from a blow."

A .38-caliber slug was found in the back of her dress, having passed through the body.

DEPUTY Chief Inspector Francis J. Kear of the homicide squad found papers in the purse, but no immediate clew to the victim's identity. Nor was there any money in the purse. Then Kear went through the pockets of the jacket and made one of the most curious discoveries of his career:

Six lumps of sugar!

The lumps were not loose in the pocket, but in a small paper bag.

"What six lumps of sugar mean in this case is something I wouldn't attempt to say at this moment," the homicide chief remarked to reporters. "The sugar, along with the .38 slug and whatever else we find, will be turned over to the police laboratory."

He said that the woman apparently was shot in a car and thrown out while it was in motion.

He pointed out that, while no real lead to the woman's identity had been uncovered, he felt confident that progress along this line would follow the publicity in the afternoon papers.

"Once we learn her identity, we'll be over the first big hurdle of the investigation. After that we'll check on her acquaintances and activities."

That same Tuesday night, two nuns, Sister Frances de Paul and Sister Jean Berchmans, viewed the body at the morgue at Bellevue Hospital and identified it.

The murder victim, they said, was Miss Irma Louise Pradier, a French-born serving maid, who had lived with them at the Jeanne d'Arc home for immigrant young women on West 24th St. from 1929 to 1933.

They said that Miss Pradier, an orphan, native of Clermont-Ferrand, near Marseille, had gone to live at the home upon her arrival in this country, and had gotten a job as a maid at an institute for education of the blind on Pelham Parkway in the Bronx.

"We found her always vivacious and good-natured," said the nuns. "She never gave us any trouble of any kind."

Their report was corroborated by Kathleen Curtin, Irma's former roommate at the home.

"She was always singing and doing things for others," said Miss Curtin. "She was like a happy child, always bringing in cookies and making tea for a party. She even treated us to grand opera at the Hippodrome."

WHAT about men friends?

"She was too independent to try to attract any man," was the answer.

In 1933, Irma had gone to work at Mt. Sinai Hospital, residing in the nurses' home on East 98th St. Cecil Silverman, her roommate there, had this to say:

"For a long time she almost never had dates. She seemed to prefer to spend her evenings in the hospital recreation room, reading or in writing letters to relatives in France. Usually she spent her lunch hours walking in Central Park."

One reason she visited Central Park, Miss Silverman continued, was because she liked horses and enjoyed watching them cantering along the bridle paths.

During the past Spring she had frequently dropped into the Squadron A Armory at near-by 94th St. and Madison Ave. to watch the mounted policemen rehearse for their show, "Around the Clock With New York's Finest."

"Then about the middle of June she began acting mysteriously," Miss Silverman went on. "I gathered soon enough that she had fallen in love. And, according to Irma, the man was a mounted policeman."

And his name?

"She never would tell me his name. Seemed to like the idea of keeping everything a secret."

Not even a first name?

"I thought I heard her refer to him as Jimmy on one or two occasions," Cecil Silverman recalled.

On the very morning before her death, Irma breathlessly announced that she and her suitor were going to California to be married.

"When?" Cecil asked, thinking it would be at least some weeks hence. But the ecstatic Irma replied, "Tonight!"

That same morning she told the hospital authorities that she was quitting, drew $18 back pay, and packed her trunk and two bags. In the afternoon she went to the Public National Bank, 135th St. and Lexington Ave., and drew out $314, leaving $2 in the account she had opened in 1929.

"Wish me luck!" she said to the teller. "I'm going to California to be married!"

Irma told her roommate that her fiance would meet her outside the nurses' home at 7:30. Accordingly, she went out on the street with her trunk and bags at that hour.

"But he didn't arrive until 8:30," Miss Silverman related. "He drove up in a pea-green sedan, which I saw, although I did not get a good look at him. He parked on 103d St., near Fifth Ave., said something to Irma, then called a cab.

"I watched while he helped Irma into the cab and attended to the trunk and bags. He said something to the driver, then followed the cab in that pea-green sedan."

INSPECTOR KEAR conferred with Deputy Chief Inspector Richard Oliver. They considered the slain woman's fondness for horses, her story of having fallen in love with a mounted policeman. And they considered the six lumps of sugar.

"Of course, the fellow might have pretended to be a policeman," Kear said. "But, on the other hand, maybe he was."

SIX LUMPS OF SUGAR

In this connection, Police Commissioner Lewis Valentine assured the press and public that the full resources of his department would be employed in the investigation.

"If the man you want is an officer of the police force, it will make no difference," he told his subordinates. "It will only make him easier to find."

The cab driver, Seymour Whitehead, was soon traced. He reported that the man who hailed him kept his face averted, so that he never got a proper glimpse of him, and that the man told him to take the woman passenger to the express office at Grand Central Terminal.

JAMES CONWAY, receiving clerk at the office on East 45th St., recalled that the woman "had a roll of bills an inch thick."

Conway said he asked her where she wanted to ship her baggage, and she had replied, to his astonishment, that she didn't know.

"She told the cab driver to ask the man in the car," Conway related.

Cabman Whitehead said he had gone to the sedan, and again the man had kept his head turned. He said the man reached into his pocket as if searching for something. Then he said he didn't know, either.

"Well, if you want to send a trunk to Los Angeles," Conway told Miss Pradier, "you should have some kind of address to send it to. A hotel, say, or something."

Finally, she directed that the trunk be sent to the YMCA in Los Angeles.

"They just sent the trunk," Conway said. "They put the bags in the sedan and drove off."

The man in the sedan, he said, impressed Conway as being a rather husky chap, about 30 years old, with a ruddy face. He had brown hair and was wearing a light gray suit.

At the suggestion of the police, the express company ordered that the trunk be returned with all speed, in the hope that it might contain important evidence.

On July 27, one week after the crime, secret orders were issued for a group of mounted policemen to appear at headquarters the next morning for a special line-up. This took place, but the murderer of Irma Pradier remained unidentified.

ON the 28th the trunk arrived back at Grand Central. Again nothing of importance developed.

That same day, all mounted officers owning cars were directed to submit descriptions of them. Again nothing was uncovered.

But a break in the case was evolving, and it came on Wednesday morning, Aug. 4, when Inspector Oliver received information regarding a used car sales report dated July 17.

One Arthur H. Chalmers, a patrolman of Troop B, Mounted Squadron 1, New York Police Department, had traded a used car and cash for a 1936 pea-green sedan.

Inspector Oliver perused a brief report on Chalmers. Appointed to the force Dec. 20, 1927. Married. Two children. Residence 30-43 91st St., Jackson Heights. On vacation since July 17. Returned to duty on this same day, Aug. 4.

"Put a man on him," Oliver ordered.

Three days later, Oliver and Lieut. Thomas Hammill visited the Chalmers' home in Jackson Heights. While Hammill looked around outside, Oliver asked the mountie if he had known Irma Pradier.

"I did not know her," Chalmers replied.

Oliver began to tell him what had been uncovered to date.

Meanwhile, Hammill had been examining the pea-green sedan in the back yard. His most significant discovery was a well-concealed patch glued in the upholstery of the front seat. Ripping it off, he saw what resembled a bullet hole.

"What have you got to say?" Oliver asked him after this had been reported to him.

"Well, I'll admit I knew her," Chalmers said, "but I won't admit I killed her."

"Let's go," said the inspector.

AT OLIVER'S office in the Wadsworth Ave. station in the Bronx, the suspect was questioned by Commissioner Valentine and other officials.

This was the story he told:

On June 18, as he entered the Gotham stables on West 46th St., he found the flashing-eyed brunette feeding lumps of sugar to his horse, Bob.

He had asked her not to do this, since it was a rule of the department that mounted officers, and no one else, must feed their own horses.

"Aw, let her," interposed another officer. "A little sugar won't hurt him."

Chalmers and the woman chatted while he saddled Bob; then she suddenly suggested, according to his story, that he "take her out."

He said he laughed it off, but in subsequent days she visited the stables repeatedly. She became, as he put it, "a nuisance."

Then on a Sunday afternoon, July 18, while he was driving through Pelham Bay Park in his new car, he saw her sitting alone on a park bench.

He pulled over, he continued, and they talked. She asked him to take her for a ride. According to him, his reply was, "I can't do that, but I'll buy you a hot dog."

They had hot dogs and soft drinks. They made a date for the following Monday; he was to meet her near the hospital at 7:30.

"I got there late and was surprised to see that she had her trunk and bags," he went on. "But I decided to humor her, thinking I could persuade her to change her mind."

HE said that after the stop at the express office he decided to drive up into Westchester while he explained that she had misunderstood how he felt about her. But no sooner were they out of the city than she began to make advances to him, at the same time urging him to stop the car.

Finally, near Kensico dam, he did stop the car. He said he couldn't resist her any longer. Later they halted at another secluded spot.

Then, Chalmers continued, he broke the news that he had a wife and two children, and that he could not go away with her, to California or anywhere else.

She became frantic, he said. She kept crying: "I love you! I love you! I can't live without you!"

He put her out of the car, then let her in again. He tried to reason with her, he said. She kept sobbing that she would kill herself if he rejected her.

"On the speedway, heading back into town, I had to stop the car to try to control her," he went on. "She began feeling for the gun she knew was in the side pocket of the car. Then I saw she had the gun.

"I pushed her hand — not the hand with the gun in it, but the other one.

"As I did, there was an explosion."

How many shots had he heard? He replied that after the first shot his mind went blank.

When had he hit her in the face? He denied that he had. "I just pushed her around trying to get the gun," he said.

He concluded his version by saying that he placed the body on the grass, then threw the pistol and two suitcases into the river.

"What became of the woman's money?" Commissioner Valentine asked him.

"I don't know anything about the money."

IN A later statement he said, "You can call me a murderer, but not a thief. I may have shot this woman, but I did not take her money."

In an attempt to prove this, he involved a married woman in the case.

Officers went to the address he had supplied and interviewed Mrs. Vera L——, an attractive young woman with black bobbed hair, olive complexion and dark eyes. Mrs. L—— was spending this Sunday afternoon at home with her husband.

She would be glad to tell the police whatever she knew about Chalmers, she said. She had first met him, she said, about a year before in a restaurant where she worked, at 40th St. and Madison Ave.

He came in often and they became friendly.

"Several months passed," she continued, "then he asked me to go out with him and have a few drinks. I accepted, and after that we went out every now and then.

"I always knew he was married and had two children. That was why I didn't go out with him very often.

"When his vacation came, he suggested that I go with him on a trip. My husband had gone on his vacation alone at the time, to visit his relatives, so I thought it might be a good idea.

"I saw him on Friday, July 16. I told him it would be nice if he would take me for a drive upState, in the country somewhere. I saw him again the following Tuesday. [Note—This was the day of the murder.] I asked him if we were going, and he said, 'Yes, tomorrow.'

"The next day I met him in front of my house."

They drove to Bennington, Vt., she went on, and spent the first night in a tourist camp. The next day they got up early and drove all the way to Old Orchard, Me. After two days there they drove to Montreal, then made the return journey to New York, having been gone about eight days.

SHE WAS asked if Chalmers had acted at all peculiar, and replied, "Well, he kept showing me pictures of his wife and children."

Had she noticed that patch in the front seat? She had, and she had asked him about it. "Oh, that," he had said. "That's been there for a long time. Someone took a shot at me once."

Had he mentioned the Pradier murder?

"I can't seem to remember whether he did or not," she replied. "I know I myself mentioned the case when I read about it in a newspaper.

"I said something like this, 'Look at this poor woman. It seems too bad that a girl can't draw a few hundred dollars out of the bank without being killed.'

"As far as I can remember, he didn't say anything."

Did he have much money to spend?

"He certainly didn't seem to have much," she said. "We stopped at tourist camps and private homes to save expenses. We ate at small places, sometimes in country stores.

"We didn't spend much on fun, but we had a good time. We went swimming and walked. Sometimes we went to a movie.

"You'd think that any woman could tell if something like that was on a man's conscience, wouldn't you? But he acted as though he didn't have a care in the world."

CHALMERS was indicted for first-degree murder, but this charge was later reduced to second degree. He was convicted on April 6, 1938, and got 20 years to life.

Before he was led out of court, he was asked the routine questions, one of which was, "Where is your home?"

"I have no home," he replied, face contorted. No, nor did Irma Pradier, who liked to feed horses lumps of sugar. No home in this world.

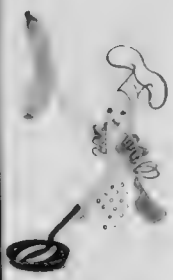
Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN

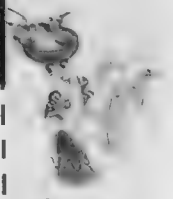
CHIQUITA BANANA SAYS:

Try these with meat—

PAN-FRIED BANANAS

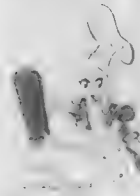


To Pan-Fry Use green-tipped or all-yellow bananas

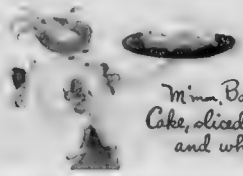


Bananas sealed by nature in a germ-proof package

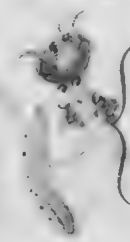
Luncheon Surprise—Banana Peanut Butter Sandwiches



Between-meal Pick-up Banana Milkshake!



M'mm. Banana Shortcake! Cake, sliced ripe bananas and whipped cream!



Look what's in 'em:
Fruit sugars
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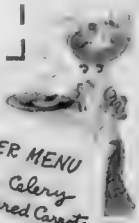
Meat Loaf Buttered Carrots
Pan-Fried Bananas
Bread or Rolls
Apple Pie Beverage



How to make PAN-FRIED BANANAS

Peel all-yellow or slightly green-tipped bananas. Fry slowly in butter or other fat until tender . . . easily pierced with a fork . . . turning them to brown evenly. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Serve hot as a vegetable.

Cut bananas crosswise into halves or quarters before frying, if desired.

Pan-fried Bananas make an excellent dinner plate partner with fish, poultry, eggs, cheese and other vegetables.

Use all-yellow or slightly green-tipped bananas

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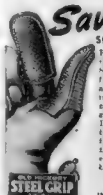

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Make the Dainty Dress! Free Sewing ... Pattern Feature in This Issue.

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D.D.D. Prescription

Teen-Age Tempest

Smile When You Say "No."

By URSULA TROW

A GIRL should have to kiss on a date if she doesn't want to, say the teens [illegible] were questioned today. She should and can say "no" without fear of being considered a prude or a poor sport, if and here's the trick she knows how to say "No" gracefully.

The "to kiss or not to kiss good-night" problem usually does not become acute until you reach your own doorstep, points out **Holly Higgins**, 17, of Hartford, Conn. And her advice is, "Avoid lingering at the door. Loitering often leads them (the boys, of course) on. A gracious thank you, a sweet smile, and a turn of the key is all you have to remember."

One Teen-Age Girl Solves the Problem of the Good-Night Kiss by Never Lingering at Her Front Door at the End of a Date.

Ann Gladowski of Buffalo, N. Y., suggests that when the boy tries to kiss her, the girl should push him away and say lightly, "Oh, please! I was having such a gorgeous time, and now you're beginning to spoil it all." Then switch to some other subject.

Armond Romero of San Diego, Calif., **Jayne Barton** of Plant City, Fla., and **Joanne Thomas** of Gladwin, Mich., also believe in conversation, and if that does not work, try flattery. "Appeal to his manliness and manners by acting hurt," they advise.

Rita Fink of Chicago, Ill., believes in saying it this way: "A little kiss isn't appreciated, and this isn't the time for a big one."

Frankie Canaan of Los Angeles, Calif., thinks a simple "wait till we know each other better" should do the trick.

"For heaven's sake never stammer or giggle your way out of it," say **Colleen Dougherty** of Santa Monica, Calif., and **Ginger Calmes** of Bell Gardens, Calif. "Straightforwardness is the only way."

"Boys should be taught better manners," say **Patricia Miller** of the Bronx, N. Y. and Mrs. **Mary W. Butler** of Atlanta, Ga. The trouble, they think, is that boys are raised by one set of standards and girls by another.

If this is so, does such a double standard make sense? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

How Late?

PHYLLIS and Audrey Wenzel of Rogers City, Mich., have a problem on which they would like to have the views of fellow teen-agers. It is this: How late should a 16-year-old be allowed to stay out on a date? Should the home-coming hour vary with the type of date—for instance, should the time limit be earlier for a movie date than for a prom?

Also what should be the penalty, if any, for not returning home on schedule?

It's a problem many teeners have with their parents. Have you solved it, and if so, how?

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5000 USP units	Vitamin A	0.5 Mgs.	[illegible]
1000 USP units	Vitamin D	5 Mgs.	[illegible]
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5 Mgs.	Vitamin G (B_2)	0.25 Mgs.	[illegible]
60 Mgs.	Vitamin C	1.33 Mgs.	Tocopherols (Vit. E)

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All VITAMIN QUOTA products are sold [illegible] address below. You may order C.O.D. or save all charges [illegible] check or money order direct. Money back if not satisfied.

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HE FLEW IN all the way from Cleveland just for this date . . . *and it will be his last.* She has had three bags full of him already. In just a minute now, when he suggests running over to the Stork, she's going to plead a headache and insist on home instead. There it will not only be *good night* but *good-by.* Too bad, too! He was really pretty crazy about her . . .

Still, if a man hasn't got sense enough to look after his breath that's the penalty he's likely to pay. Halitosis (bad breath)* can write you right out of the social picture.

How About You?

Unfortunately, you, yourself, may not know . . . may not even realize . . . when you're guilty. Therefore, isn't it just elementary wisdom to be extra careful about offending this way?

Be "extra careful" by using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning. And never, never, omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date when you want to be at your best.

Almost instantly this clear, cooling antiseptic makes breath fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend. You go forth with a wonderful feeling of greater assurance that others are going to like you.

*While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any date be extra careful about your breath *Use* LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

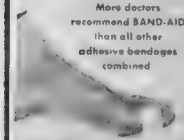
NEVER NEGLECT A TOE SPLINTER

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance!

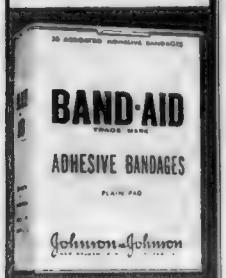
Cleanse the injury properly. Then put on BAND-AID®, the adhesive bandage whose quality you can trust.

It comes to you sterile. Keeps out dirt. Helps prevent infection and avoid irritation.

Caution: Remember, not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID®. And only BAND-AID brings you Johnson & Johnson dependability.



BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-Mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.



Eyes Tired? EYE-GENE Gives SAFE Relief In SECONDS!

You'll be amazed how quick, safe, gentle EYE-GENE acts to ease refresh tired, strained eyes. Two drops, and in seconds! EYE-GENE is gentle. Use every day. Soothing, $1 eye dropper

Mysterious 'Saint'

FEW present-day residents of London's Southwark section can remember the day George Martin—the man many called a saint—came to live among them. But thousands will recall until their deaths what happened when the shabby, bearded old man of 80 left Southwark the other day on the way to the cemetery.

Hundreds knelt and wept in the streets. They mourned the passing of friend and benefactor, one who wrought a seeming miracle that still puzzles the community.

For George Martin, who lived the life of a poor man and gave tirelessly of his time and small earnings, will continue to help Southwark's needy after his death. He left an $88,000 fortune to the poor. Where he got it is Southwark's biggest mystery today.

It was in 1899 that the tall, angular, kind-faced man came to live in Southwark. Even then he had the beard, but it was sandy red in color. Even then, the legend goes, he wore a coat suspiciously like the ragged old frock-coat in which he stalked the streets of modern Southwark.

Nobody knew where he came from. He got a job as porter and took a small cell-like room, where he lodged for the next 48 years.

Other workers at first mistrusted his upper class accent and air of gentility, but soon they realized the quiet stranger was utterly unsnobbish and concerned only with the welfare of his fellow man.

A porter's child fell ill and required nursing 24 hours a day. Martin alternated with the little patient's father in the long night watches until the youngster recovered.

A neighbor was disabled and faced ejection into the wintry streets with his hungry family. Martin shared his meagre wages and kept the family fed and sheltered until the father could work.

Always he found money for the needy. Those who visited his bleak little room soon understood that he was able to help others because he denied himself all but the barest necessities. A slab of slate served as his table; his fare was usually bread and cereal, rarely eked out occasionally with a few vegetables.

Small wonder that some in the community called him "St. George."

It was a great shock to Southwark when the "saint" was found dead in his cheerless cubicle. And awesome surprise to the town when they learned he had left $88,000 to be administered for their benefit.

Slowly, details of their benefactor's early life came to light. He had been the Rev. George Martin, a clergyman in Cornwall. But he left his parish to live among the poor.

Where had his fortune come from? An inheritance? Savings built up from some unknown income? Proceeds of secret investments? The gift of an admirer to carry on his good work?

Southwark doesn't know, probably will never know. But there'll always be a halo around its memory of George Martin.

When a Neighbor's Child Fell Ill, the Shabby Old Man Sat by His Bedside in Long Night Watches.

It Wasn't Cricket

DESPITE the fact that cricket is the British national pastime and the lion is Britain's national emblem, the two don't mix—as was discovered during a recent cricket match in Nairobi, Kenya.

The batsman had just driven a hard ball to the outer boundary, when a large shaggy lion leaped out of the brush and clutched it happily between his paws. "Lost ball!" shouted the defending captain, warily eying the big cat from a safe distance.

The astonished umpire peered at the lion judiciously. "The ball is in full view," he announced. "According to the rules, it's in play!"

In cricket, unlike baseball, batsmen are not limited to a single run. They keep on running—and scoring—until put out. While the defense stood helpless the two batsmen began running.

The defense threw rocks at the lion, but he shrugged them off. He toyed with the ball like a playful kitten, rolling it back and forth curiously. The runners tiring under the hot sun, slowed to a trot—but the score climbed phenomenally. They were practically walking by the time the defense organized and drove their unwanted "teammate" off.

Lion, or no lion, both sides had had enough cricket for the day.

First of the social graces

Household cleanliness is the first sign of the good home maker. That includes toilet bowls—which your friends expect will be odorless and fresh. Your best friend here is Sani-Flush—which keeps toilet bowls as clean as new. No stains or film after a Sani-Flush cleaning. No work—no other disinfecting needed.

Safe in all toilet systems—works in hard or soft water. At grocers everywhere. Two sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, O.

Sani-Flush

GET TWO CANS AT A TIME

When Your Children have COUGHS ...DUE TO COLDS

GIVE THEM GOOD-TASTING SCOTT'S EMULSION

Helps build stamina—helps build resistance to colds, if youngsters don't get enough natural A&D Vitamins. Scott's is a rich energy FOOD TONIC—a combination of natural A&D Vitamins and energy-building cod liver oil. Easy to take. Most doctors recommend it. Buy today at your drug store.

MORE than just a tonic—it's powerful nourishment!

SCOTT'S EMULSION HIGH ENERGY TONIC

Do this for DIRTY, OILY SKIN!

Some skins are mighty hard to care for. That's why so many people don't get complete cleansing. Use Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Here's what it does. As you put it on, this cream emulsifies. It no longer is dirt grey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads.

Your mirror shows your skin really clean! Your face glows with that fine look that massage and good circulation produce. So for that heavy date—put your best face forward. Use Pompeian Milk Massage Cream!

POMPEIAN Milk Massage Cream

In This Issue Amy Alden Suggests

Sunday Night Family Suppers

On the Household Almanac Page

CHEST COLD? ...that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty" the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

Quick MENTHOLATUM

Mother, when coughing spasms rack child's body and leave his chest muscles so sore it hurts him to breathe—quick! call "Comfy" and "Minty" to the rescue. Comforting Camphor and minty Menthol, famous Mentholatum ingredients, are gentle for a child's delicate normal skin—but they work fast to help loosen congestion, ease soreness, lessen coughing. Get Mentholatum *today!*

ALSO RELIEVES HEAD-COLD STUFFINESS, NASAL IRRITATION AND CHAPPING

HEADACHE
UPSET STOMACH
JUMPY NERVES
RELIEF!
When ordinary headache, upset stomach, jumpy nerves strike at once, take Bromo-Seltzer. Effervesces with split-second action...ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed. Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drugstore fountain or counter today. A product of Emerson Drug Co. since 1887.
BROMO SELTZER
THANKS TO FAMOUS BROMO-SELTZER

For
BACKACHES
that come from
LUMBAGO

• Are you suffering from the muscular back pains that often come from lumbago?

• Try Johnson's BACK PLASTER—the one product made specifically for relieving the stabbing, nagging pains of backache. Tests show it helps nearly 9 out of every 10 sufferers.

• *What it is:* This adhesive plaster contains a mild medication that stirs up circulation. Like taking a heating pad to work with you.

• *How it helps you:* The plaster brings the healing and warming blood to the sore spot. Tense muscles relax and the pain eases. The warming pad guards against chilling, supports twitching muscles, eases down those jabs of pain.

• Save days of agony. Keep plasters on hand. The next time you feel a backache starting—slap one on right away! Made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical dressings for 60 years. At all drug stores.

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QUICK RELIEF
from tired eyes

Murine is made to relieve tired eyes. In a hurry they feel refreshed! Murine cleanses as gently as a tear. Use it regularly. Soothing for pool and sun eyes. At drug counters. 1.25 bottle. A product of Murine Co., The Murine Company, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM

Has been used by smart women all over the world for nearly 40 years to help make their skin more radiant, more attractive. **Mercolized Wax Cream** has a lovely bleaching action which will surprise and delight you. Women who want the best should always have **Mercolized Wax Cream** and use it when necessary. Try it on your skin. Use only as directed.
Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

Letters to the Editor

I ENJOYED your recent story, "God Is My Partner" explaining how Kenneth Keyes gives one-tenth of his profits to God. I have it put away in my scrapbook. So many people fail to see that our life here on earth is temporary, and live for material things like houses, cars, clothes, etc.

We need more articles such as that one.

Mrs. Benjamin Bullock
East Greenwich, R. I.

• • •

I am attending college here at California. One of my courses requires that I have art clippings from The American Weekly. Is there any way I can obtain some?

Cora Jeanne Yurcina
California, Pa.

(Material sent to student Yurcina—Ed.)

• • •

I want to take this opportunity to tell you that I look forward to reading your magazine very much.

In reference to "Look Before You Leap," Warren Hall listed several women who were misled by suitors who claimed to be rich, but actually weren't. Those girls are only a few of the ones who have been misled.

But, where are the girls who believe in matrimony with a guy who tells them, "All I have is a good job at $175 a month. I love you, and want to marry you for better or worse?" Yes, where is the girl who will marry a fellow who tells her the truth, and doesn't just hand her a "line?"

Lafayette Newcomb
La Feria, Tex.

• • •

The firm with which my father works is installing some new machinery. When the machinery was being unpacked some contest The American Weekly came to light. I have been reading them with interest.

Phyllis Cook
Clackmannanshire, Scotland

• • •

Would you please send me a "My Faith" booklet? Being a Sunday School teacher, I have followed these articles with interest, and they have helped me to answer many questions arising out of the subject of Science vs. Religion.

Mrs. Al Kerbs
Burley, Idaho

(Booklet sent—Ed.)

Dan Parker's article "Race Horses and Their Pets" must have been a familiar story to people like myself who have been around race horses. In the old days, when racing was in its prime at Sheepshead Bay, I was keeper of a barn that stabled 12 of the best horses. One, a big jumper named Headlander, who belonged to a Senator from Philadelphia, had a sweet little bantam hen for a pet.

She shared his feed and perched on his back at night. If she was not there at bedtime, he would call to her until she came and roosted on him. His loneliness was pathetic when she was accidentally killed.

Another horse, Pass Book owned by Wally Fessenden had a fox terrier for a buddy.

Lilla A. Stevens
Northampton, Mass.

• • •

I greatly enjoy The American Weekly. I find it unbiased and unprejudiced. Being a teacher in the 6th grade, I find it very interesting and helpful as supplementary reading.

Anne Hightower
Thomaston Train'g School
Thomaston, Ga.

• • •

Kindly let me know how I can obtain two copies of your "My Faith" booklet. I am in office with the Atlantic City Alcoholics Anonymous, and we need a book let like that.

E. M. S.
Atlantic City, N. J.

(Copies of the booklet have been sent—Ed.)

• • •

I was very interested in your story "The Campbells, MacDonald Head." You stated that the book on the subject was written by a Campbell.

A history of the MacDonald clan written by a Campbell would be like a history of the Civil War written by a Yankee.

One of my ancestors happens to be Lieut. MacDonald, born in Glencoe, Scotland, in 1645, and married to Mary Combs, also of Glencoe. You see, there were some MacDonalds the Campbells didn't get.

W. MacDonald Sanders
Bluefield, Va.

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 66 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

The Secret of Life

ENZYMES—so tiny there are hundreds of them in every cell in your body—are the key by which scientists hope to solve the biological mystery of life. For, although enzymes have no life of their own, they cause all the chemical changes in living cells. Like architects, they shape the building materials in every living creature.

Most of our knowledge of enzymes has come in recent years. Until 1926, nobody knew their chemical structure, but in that year Dr. James B. Sumner of Cornell Medical School, succeeded in crystallizing an enzyme for the first time in history. Twenty years later he shared a Nobel Prize for this important pioneering.

Today, science is proceeding to crystallize one after another of the many types of enzymes, and we are much nearer to knowing what life is than ever before. Don't miss Dr. Sumner's own article, "Secret of Life—Enzymes," in next week's American Weekly.

LOVELY, blond Milo Abercrombie, who was once called "most beautiful society girl in America," has known more than her share of heartbreak.

For her first husband, she could have chosen from a wide field of San Francisco's eligible bachelors—but she picked a German baron who was later convicted of spying and sabotage against this country before World War I. After she divorced him, she tried again — unsuccessfully with an American naval officer, a French marquis and, last summer, with a man she later claimed was a bigamist.

For the story of how a glamourous society girl lost her fortune in a vain search for happiness, read "Tragic Errors of the Southern Beauty" next week.

Leading Beauty Authorities Say:

pure castile is the BEST shampoo

To keep your hair beautiful and healthy, beauty experts and dermatologists have gone on record that *a pure castile soap, one with olive oil, is best.*

And Conti Shampoo is made *only* with pure castile and pure olive oil so why trust your hair to any other shampoo, particularly when Conti is on sale at your favorite drug counter. Buy a bottle of Conti Castile Shampoo at any drug, department or variety store today!

LABORATORY RESEARCH comparing Conti with other type shampoos gives you these scientific results

Hair Shampooed with CONTI
✓ RINSES QUICKLY
✓ SETS BETTER
✓ HOLDS WAVES LONGER
✓ HAS MORE BODY
✓ HAS LESS TENDENCY TO FLY

Conti never dries out the hair or scalp

Conti CASTILE SHAMPOO

For soft, absorbent tissue ask for..

remember to say "SIT-TRUE"

THE BOX WITH THE BOW ON TOP

Tony didn't know what Grammy took our picture that day we were going to marry and have me. She wanted it with Nu-Ace Snapshot Mounting Corners and kept it safe in their album!

To protect your precious snapshots and other hobby collections ask for Nu-Ace, the latest improved mounting corners at 5c and 10c stores, department or photographic film counters. Available in a choice of black or gray. Transparent corners. Per package of 100 (Also available in Permanent White.)

3 SIZES—Regular, Junior, Senior

ACE ART COMPANY, Reading, Mass.

MOUNT IT WITH NUACE SNAPSHOT MOUNTING CORNERS

MONEY-SAVING DRIED FRUIT RECIPES by Betty Blake

Here's a dessert that's easy on the cook and easy on the budget, because one of its chief ingredients is thrifty dried fruit wholesome, flavorful SUNSWEET Tenderized" Prunes. Try it for dinner tonight. It's delicious.

QUICK PRUNE SHORTCAKE

1 cup cooked SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes
1 cup sliced canned cling peaches
¾ cup granulated sugar
Few grains salt 1 tablespoon cornstarch
8 thin squares sponge cake
Soft custard

Pit the prunes and cut into small pieces with peaches with fork. Combine the prunes and peaches with blended sugar, salt and cornstarch and let cook until thickened, stirring it constantly. Cool. Place one square of cake on each of four dessert plates, spread with prune-peach mixture and then with custard. Cover with second slice of cake, add more fruit, and then with custard. Rotate cake as each layer is added if it is hard. Top with custard. Serves 4.

* * * *

SUNSWEET Prunes are one of California's finest fruit treats. They're *tree-ripened* for rich, fruity sweetness, *"Tenderized"* for quicker cooking and better eating, and *sealed in foil* for flavor-protection. Packed and guaranteed by the growers themselves.

Sunsweet TENDERIZED **PRUNES**

California Prune and Apricot Growers Assn.
San Jose, California
SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots, Peaches, and SUNSWEET Prune Juice

EVERBEST
Preserves and Jellies
Seedless
BLACKBERRY JAM
We've removed every pesky seed, leaving you only the smooth delicousness of blackberry, full of garden-fresh flavor. You've never tasted better jam!
FREE RECIPES
Send for colorful booklet with recipes for desserts that are good as candies
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EVERBEST
PRESERVES

[illegible] Sue Says Young Tots You [illegible] Keep Their Nails Pretty.

For the best Brown Gravy You Ever Tasted

Household Almanac

Amy Alden

A Colorful Fruit and Nut Salad Will Add a Festive Note to the Supper Table.

FAMILY SUPPERS for SUNDAY NIGHT

THERE'S no need to get fussed when your supper-hungry family begins besieging the kitchen toward sundown on Sunday. The recipes on this page make it easy to whip up a meal in a very short time. Furthermore, they are rather distinctive—not the general run of food that is served on week-day evenings—so your family will enjoy them all the more.

The creamed salt codfish with mealy hard cooked eggs cut up in the sauce, surrounded by a ring of fluffy mashed potatoes, makes a satisfying meal. It goes well with the apple and peanut salad. Another good combination is made with the stuffed hard cooked eggs that are delicately seasoned with onion and mustard, served with the fried potatoes and fried parsnips, or cheese dumplings with their cottage cheese filling, and browned buttered bread crumbs.

Deviled Eggs

6 hard-cooked eggs
4 tbsps. mayonnaise
¼ tsp. salt
Speck pepper
¼ tps. prepared mustard
1 tsp. minced onion

Cut shelled eggs in halves, lengthwise. Carefully remove yolks and lay whites aside in pairs. Mash yolks, then add remaining ingredients. Refill whites with this mixture. If for salad or as a garnish leave in halves, rounding the filling somewhat. Makes 12 stuffed egg halves.

Creamed Salt Codfish

3 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
3 tbsps. flour
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 cups milk
2¼ cups shredded salt codfish (10 oz.)
2 shelled hard-cooked eggs, sliced
1 tbsp. sherry (optional)

Melt butter in a double boiler; stir in flour and pepper until blended and smooth. Add milk gradually while stirring, and cook over boiling water until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Shred codfish by pulling it apart with two forks. Freshen it. Drain. Cover with cold water, and simmer 15-20 min. or until tender when tested with a fork. Drain. Add to white sauce with rest of ingredients. Serve with boiled or baked potatoes. Or arrange 3 cups hot mashed potatoes in a ring on a hot platter with creamed salt codfish in center. Makes 4 servings.

Hungarian Cheese Dumplings

1 lb. dry cottage cheese
9 tbsps. flour
4 eggs, slightly beaten
2 tbsps. butter, or margarine, melted
½ tsp. salt
½ cup bread crumbs

Put the cheese in a bowl and break it up with a fork, add eggs, stir well. Add flour and salt. Mix until smooth. Form into balls with moist hands. Drop into 2 qts. slightly salted boiling water and cook, covered, at a gentle boil, for 20 min. Remove from water with slotted spoon, drain. Then roll in browned buttered crumbs and serve hot. Serves 4.

Fried Parsnips

Pare, cut in halves, and core parsnips. Cook, covered, in ½" boiling salted water for 7 to 15 min. Drain, then saute in hot fat until golden brown on all sides. 1½ lbs. Serves 4

Fried Potatoes

¼ cup bacon fat or other shortening
1 cup sliced onions
4 cups sliced raw pared white potatoes ¼" thick
1¼ tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Heat bacon fat in covered skillet. Arrange onions and potatoes in the fat, then sprinkle with salt and pepper. Saute, covered, over low heat for 15 min. Then remove cover, turn up heat to medium and saute 10 min. longer or until potatoes are brown and crusty, turning occasionally. Makes 3-4 servings. Sprinkle with minced parsley.

Scalloped Potatoes

4 cups thinly-sliced white potatoes
1 cup thinly-sliced onions
2 cups medium white sauce

Cook sliced potatoes, in ½" boiling salted water 10 min. Drain, and arrange in alternate layers with onions in a greased 1½-qt casserole. Pour white sauce over, and bake, uncovered, in moderate oven of 350° F. for 45 min., or until potatoes are tender. Serves 4. If desired, 3 tbsps. minced onion can be sauteed in the butter before making the white sauce.

Suppersnacks

1 can devilled ham, 3 oz.
6 slices toast
12 small slices tomato
Melted butter or margarine
Salt and pepper
6 poached eggs

Spread some of the ham on each slice of toast. Meanwhile, brush the tomatoes with melted butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and broil until delicately browned. Place 2 slices of tomato on each piece of toast and top with poached egg. Season and serve.

Apple and Peanut Salad

2 raw apples, unpeeled
2 oranges
¼ cup peanuts, chopped
2 tsps. minced onion
2 cups finely shredded raw green cabbage
¼ cup French dressing

Cut apples into small wedges. Section oranges. Put in salad bowl with peanuts, onion, and cabbage. Just before serving, add French dressing and toss well. Add mayonnaise if desired. Serves four.

Peach Dessert Cake

½ cup shortening
½ cup granulated sugar
1 tsp. lemon rind grated
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 cup sifted cake flour
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
2 cups drained canned cling peaches, or 1 lb. package quick frozen peaches
⅓ cup granulated sugar
½ tsp. cinnamon
¼ cup chopped walnuts

Work shortening with back of a spoon until light. Gradually add ⅓ cup sugar, beating until light and fluffy. Beat in lemon rind. Add eggs, 1 at a time, and beat vigorously after each addition. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add to batter in quarters, beating after each addition. Pour ⅓ the batter into a greased 8"x8"x2" loaf pan. Cut peaches into slices, lay on top of batter and top with remaining batter, spreading it with a knife over entire surface. Combine the ⅓ cup sugar, cinnamon and walnuts, and sprinkle over the top. Bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 50 min. Cut into 9 squares. Serve hot or warm with or without cream.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

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"There's only one way to scold a kid, woman," bellowed Elmer, the bull, "GOOD AND LOUD!"

"But, dear," gasped Elsie, the Borden Cow, "you should never raise your voice at little darling."

"And just why shouldn't a father raise his voice at his own son?" thundered Elmer.

"Because, dear," explained Elsie, "when you shout you scare him, and make him afraid of *you!*"

"No son of Elmer's will ever be afraid," boasted Elmer. "I'll teach him to be brave."

"First," smiled Elsie, "you'll have to teach him to have confidence in you."

"How in Cowdom Come can you teach a kid anything when he won't pipe down?" asked Elmer.

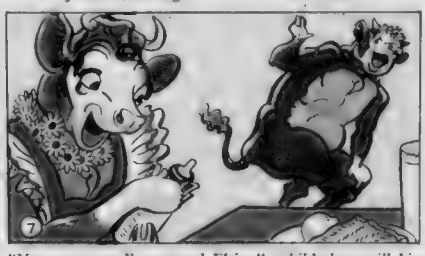
"You might start," giggled Elsie, "by piping down yourself, darling."

"You might," continued Elsie, "try *not* frightening him when he's naughty and knocks over his Borden's Milk."

"Why in tarnation do you have to go and drag Borden's Milk into this for?" exploded Elmer.

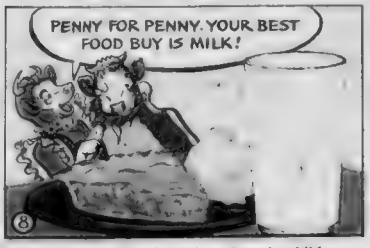
"Why, WHY bring up Borden's?" harped Elmer.

"Merely to illustrate a point," soothed Elsie.

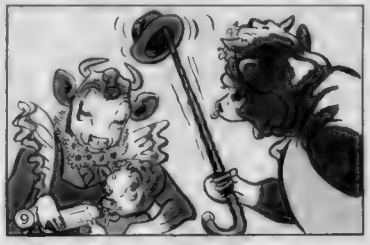


"Now, suppose," proposed Elsie, "a child *does* spill his milk . . . the *wise* parent doesn't scold."

"What does he do?" guffawed Elmer. "Feed the kid chicken legs from then on?"

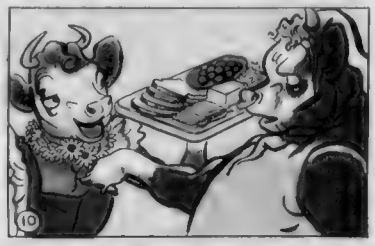


"The wise parent," said Elsie, "gives the child more Borden's Milk, and tells him that if he wants to grow big and strong like his daddy, he'll drink up every delicious drop."



"Milk is rich in vitamins and minerals," added Elsie.

"I'm warning you!" exploded Elmer. "Get off the subject of Borden's or you'll lose a husband."



"What would you bellow about," laughed Elsie, "if I stopped talking about things like that great cheese food, *Borden's Chateau*®?"

"About how to scold a kid!" snapped Elmer.

"You can do that," said Elsie, "as soon as I say you can make really *great* sandwiches and soufflés with Chateau. As I always say—"

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"The whole town—the whole country—the whole blooming world knows what you always say!" groaned Elmer. "But this time I'm beating you to the punch line, woman —*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

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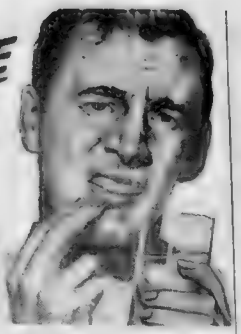

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The Epicure

MEXICAN RICE AND AVOCADO RING

By REGINA RESNIK

IT'S LOTS of fun to dream up a "specialty" dish for company, it's even more fun to surprise the family with a unique dish that is usually reserved for an occasion. I did this recently and received warm praise.

The recipe I used was one I have had for years. It was the piece de resistance at an official dinner party given while I was on tour in Mexico and my hostess was kind enough to send me the recipe for "Mexican Rice and Avocado Ring." It can be used as a light buffet supper dish or as the additional vegetable with meat or fish. For a perfect meal, serve Mexican frijoles with your dinner.

Regina Resnik, Young Dramatic Soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Sang 14 Major Operatic Roles Before She Was 25. Her Favorite Sport is Sailboating.

Rice

1 cup white rice
2 tbsps. butter
1 qt. water or soup stock
2 tsps. salt
1 cup strained tomato or ½ cup tomato pulp

Wash rice and put in skillet with butter. Let fry until light brown, stirring constantly. Add tomato and salt—let cook a few minutes. Add boiling water or soup stock, stir well, then let cook gently until tender without stirring.

Avocado

3 ripe avocados
1 small, finely minced onion

Mash avocados to a smooth pulp. Add the onion and salt and pepper to taste.

Heap the avocado mixture in the center of a flat serving dish and decorate with small dots of pimiento. Heap the hot Mexican rice around the avocado in a ring and garnish with parsley and sliced hard boiled eggs.

Tortillas

Sift 1 tsp. salt and 3 cups of flour into large mixing bowl. Add 1½ tbsps. shortening and enough water to make a dough. Sift another cup of flour, kneading it into the mixture until the dough can be lifted in hands smoothly. Pinch into small balls and rub the outside of each lightly with shortening. Cover with cloth and let stand a half hour. Roll balls out thin on floured board and brown on each side on a hot, ungreased griddle.

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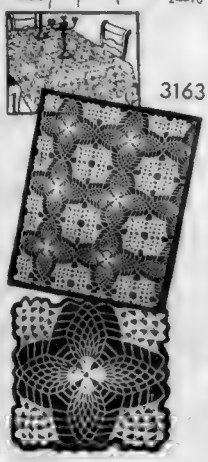
Needle News



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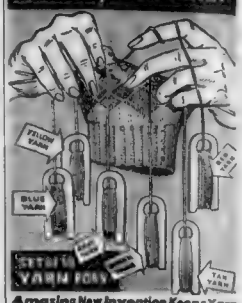

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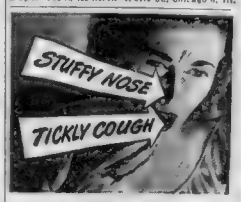

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Feed PLANTABBS to your house plants regularly. Clean, white tablets—no odor—will not burn most delicate plants. You'll be amazed at results. Plants will be sturdier, healthier, covered with beautiful blooms. Four tablets to a gallon of water make rich liquid food 25¢; 50¢, $1.00 and $3.50 sizes. At your dealers or mailed postpaid, PLANTABBS CORPORATION, Baltimore 1, Maryland.

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CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

AT the TIPS of YOUR FINGERS

By Sally Young

HANDS and nails are generally at their worst during the winter months. Dryness, chapping, hangnails, nail-splitting, all seem to be more in evidence during cold weather.

We know, of course, that chapping and dryness are best avoided by drying the hands thoroughly after dipping them in water, using a good hand cream each time they've been in water, and wearing gloves whenever possible—not only outdoors but for housework as well.

If hands are too neglected to respond to the above advice, heat and oil or wax treatments are offered at some beauty salons.

Hangnails

HANGNAILS are always a nuisance. What to do? Best of all is prevention. A nail cream, applied over the nails and cuticle will do much to prevent hangnails. Care should be taken when filing the nails. Do the filing before removing your polish. Never file wet nails. File with the grain of the nail—from the corners to the center of the nail. Smooth off rough edges.

Should a hangnail appear, file it down with an emery board. If you cannot file all of it away, wait a few days and go at it again.

Cuticle

RAGGED cuticle is best conquered with cream or oil. Cuticle should not be clipped. It should be trained into place. Cream should be massaged into the cuticle to make it soft enough to push back from the nail. Push cuticle back, too, each time you dry your hands.

The cream or oil you massage into your cuticle is also good for your nails—to keep them from splitting or peeling. Occasional hot oil treatments are also good. Heat a small amount of olive oil, castor oil or nail oil and dip your fingertips into the warm oil. Massage the oil into the nails, and if you're not doing anything for a while, leave it on.

Manicure

NOW ABOUT your manicure. Nails are beginning to look more lady-like—less like claws. New colors in nail enamels are a soft, feathery pink. Moons will be in evidence again—for the first time in many years—to further the more delicate look. And nailtips will show more than a hairline of white.

Several new products have recently come on the market that should help you in your quest for better manicures. There are the pinker, lighter nail polishes, many of which have been designed for longer lasting manicures. There is a new polish undercoat that holds polish fast and tends to keep nails from peeling and splitting—even permits you to file polished nails without harm to the manicure. Nail polish removal is made a simple and neat affair by a polish remover that does not smudge all over the cuticle.

Now that you've acquired lovely hands, see that you use them gracefully.

Hands are not pretty when they are taut or fidgety. Whenever you find your hands getting into that state—and this is especially good for typists and others who make full use of their fingers—shake them into relaxation. Hold them down and shake the hands hard—at the wrist. Then stretch the fingers apart and relax again. This relieves the tenseness.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
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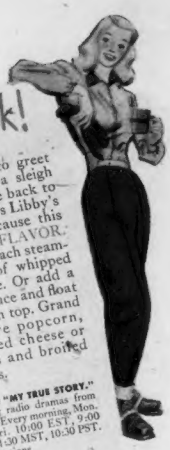

Fancy Snack!

Here's the warm-up cup to greet skaters, skiers, hikers or a sleigh ride party when they come back to the hearth. Just be sure it's Libby's you get to serve hot because this juice is so *RICH IN FLAVOR. For a party flourish top each steaming cup with a swirl of whipped cream, as pictured here. Or add a few drops of tabasco sauce and float a clove-spiked lemon on top. Grand accompaniments are popcorn, potato chips, toasted cheese or deviled-ham snacks and broiled bacon-wrapped olives.

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Tasty Lunch!

A sandwich and a steaming cup of Libby's as the warmer-upper. Children go for it, so will Dad. Open a can of Libby's sparkling juice and heat it in a sauce pan. *Don't* boil it, because Libby's is *RICH IN VITAMINS you want to protect. Yes, your family drinks Vitamins A, C, B_1 and B_2 in Libby's. That's reason enough for making it *the* drink at your house—hot for lunch, cold for breakfast and as a dinner appetizer. Stock your pantry with Libby's today for tops in tomato-juice drinking enjoyment.

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Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

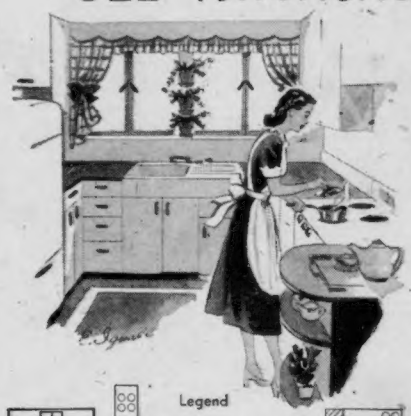
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

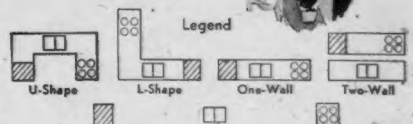
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Replanning OLD kitchens





By Doris Denison

A GOOD modern kitchen is as compact, functional, and efficient as a scientist's laboratory. At the same time it can be as comfortable and cheery as an open-hearth fire. The important thing is that it fit the exact needs of your family and cut your work to a minimum.

Basic Rules

THE best arrangement for your kitchen will naturally depend to a large extent upon its size, shape, location of windows, and location and amount of clear wall space. However, there are a few basic rules which apply to any kitchen:

Arrange equipment so that work can be carried on continuously in one direction, starting from the storage center (refrigerator) and moving to the work area at the sink where the food is prepared, and then to the stove where it is cooked and served. This flow of work can move from right to left or from left to right, whichever you find more natural.

If at all possible, place the sink between the stove and the refrigerator.

See that there is ample counter space or working surfaces adjoining sink, stove, and refrigerator.

Try to eliminate traffic lanes through work areas.

Efficient Arrangements

FOUR basic arrangements have been worked out by home planning experts for the most convenient organization of major appliances, cupboards, and sink.

The U-shaped kitchen (as shown in the large illustration) is a compact, step-saving arrangement which can be used when three adjacent walls are free. The sink goes across the end with refrigerator on one side wall and stove on the other. If possible center the sink under a window for maximum light.

The L-shaped kitchen, arranged along two walls, is suitable for an average-size or large kitchen. Sink and refrigerator go on one wall, stove on the other. The remaining two walls are free for a snack bar, planning desk, or breakfast nook.

The one-wall kitchen is usually found in small apartments where the kitchen is closed off with folding doors or a screen. The sink goes between stove and refrigerator for a smoothly running work line.

The two-wall arrangement is typical of small homes and apartments which have a door at each end of a narrow kitchen. Place sink and refrigerator on outside wall and stove on opposite side. Or, stove and refrigerator on the inside wall with the refrigerator nearest the delivery door, and the range close to the dining room and sink on opposite wall.

Heavy Equipment

IF necessary for more than one heavy piece of equipment to be placed along any one wall it will do no harm to have the contractor check the ability of the floor to bear the load, particularly in older houses.

This is the first of several articles which will appear from time to time discussing the planning of practical, attractive kitchens.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
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- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
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